

ROLF

APA TECH

**Anniversary
Issue**



APA-TECH 00111B (#7)
First Anniversary Issue

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The 555 Times #7

The Amateur Press Association for and by
members of General Technics

G.T. Buckfast (Editor): Renee Sieber, 530 W. Walnut St., Kalama-
zoo, 49007, (616) 342-4967.
Shalmaneser (Emergency Editor): Tullio Proni, same as above.

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Incorrect Thoughts #1/ Marty Franz	3
Total Page Count	87

The next deadline is Friday, August 1 (or RiverCon weekend)

The Copy Count is 35

YOUR ACCOUNT BEFORE POSTAGE IS \$ 4.36

\$1 Dues
\$1 Staples
\$3.64 Xerox

THOSE WHO HAVE BEEN DROPPED: Bill Colsher, Alice, Gordon

Those who are being held in stasis (are excused from contributing this ish): Mary Lynn (due to illness)

Those who promised to postmail: Jamie

Those who owe pages (or will be dropped next ish): Keith (2), Greg Ruffa (20), Bill (2), (27)

Those who owe money: most everybody since the "Staple" surcharge

New on the Queue: David Levine, Rolf Wilson, Bill Roper, Dave Powell

STAFF

STAFF

STAFF

ROSTER

ROSTER

Mike Bentley (3), 514 W. High St., Urbana, IL 61801, (317) 344-4718

Kevin Dunn (23), 714 Suburban Apt.s, Decatur, IL 60115

Marty Franz (25), 314 E. White St., Madison Heights, MI 48071, (313) 385-1899

Bill Higgins (17), 853 Lorly Dr., West Chicago, IL 60185

Valli Hoski (13), 621 W. 11th St., Evanston, IL 60202, (312) 492-1358

Steve Johnson (8), 2428 N. Summit, Columbus, OH 43202, (614) 263-1935, 269-1084 home, 868-7816 work

Bill Leininger (21), 15 S. Maple Lane, Prospect Heights, IL 60070, (312) 398-1742

David Levine (26), 4210 N. Farwell Ave., Shorewood, WI, 53211, (414) 962-1479

Dave Powell (29), 5378 1st St., Hill Ridge, Thornville, OH 43076

Bill Roper (27), same as Bentley's

Greg Ruffa (11), 1220 Lenape Way, Scotch Plains, NJ 07076, (201) 753-9207

Mike Sestak (2), 6219 Br 88th Ave., League City, TX 77573

Renee Sieber (4), 530 W. 11th St., Kalamazoo, MI 49007, (616) 392-4967

Mary Lynn (22), 10949 Parkview Dr., Greendale, WI 53219

Dick Smith (6), 426 Custer Ave., #2S, Evanston, IL 60202, (312) 864-1618 home, 266-4384 work

Rod Smith (7), 922 Belvoir Dr., KY, 40601

Donna Struwe (19), 2545 W. Winona St., Chicago, IL 60625, (312) 275-3428

Keith (The Phoenix) (1), somewhere in southern CA

Doug Van Dorn (20), 7619 W. Clarence Ave., Chicago, IL 60126, (312) 763-1495

Rip Williams (24), 115 E. Mulberry, Ft. Collins, CO 80524

Rolf Wilson (28), 158 S. Prospect #2, Ypsilanti, MI 48197

AN ANNIVERSARY CARD FROM THE CHAIR

Well, folks, it's incredible but it's true. Apa-Tech has been out for a whole year. Six issues. If you had told me that a year ago when I was struggling to get this started and June was halfway through I wouldn't have believed you. But now as I sit at the keyboard at 7:30 in the morning and I look back at all the times I was up till 7:30 in the morning I can believe you. (Alex and Tullio would like to insert a message that they too know how long it takes me to put out an issue (3 to 4 days) and would like to say that Renee should hang up her alter ego and get back to work making rayguns.)

A year ago I wasn't sure that there would be an Apa-Tech at all. Tullio and I had put out a flyer with all the details on it and had handed them out at a few cons but with no results. Then one day a contribution arrived in the mail. And then another. And then Mike and ~~dear/departed~~ Alice, coming back Jeff's berzerker, handed me three pages. It was a small first issue but it was a start.

As the months went on the issues grew. Greg Ruffa joined in #2 and issues since have greatly increased in size due to his contributions. And we tried collating at Higgin's party (only we didn't have a stapler so we ended up using cable ties to hold them together. Alex suggested using IC's and pounding the pins into the apas but I think that someone finally threw him outside where he belonged. How would you like to have your LM309 pounded into a hunk of paper?)

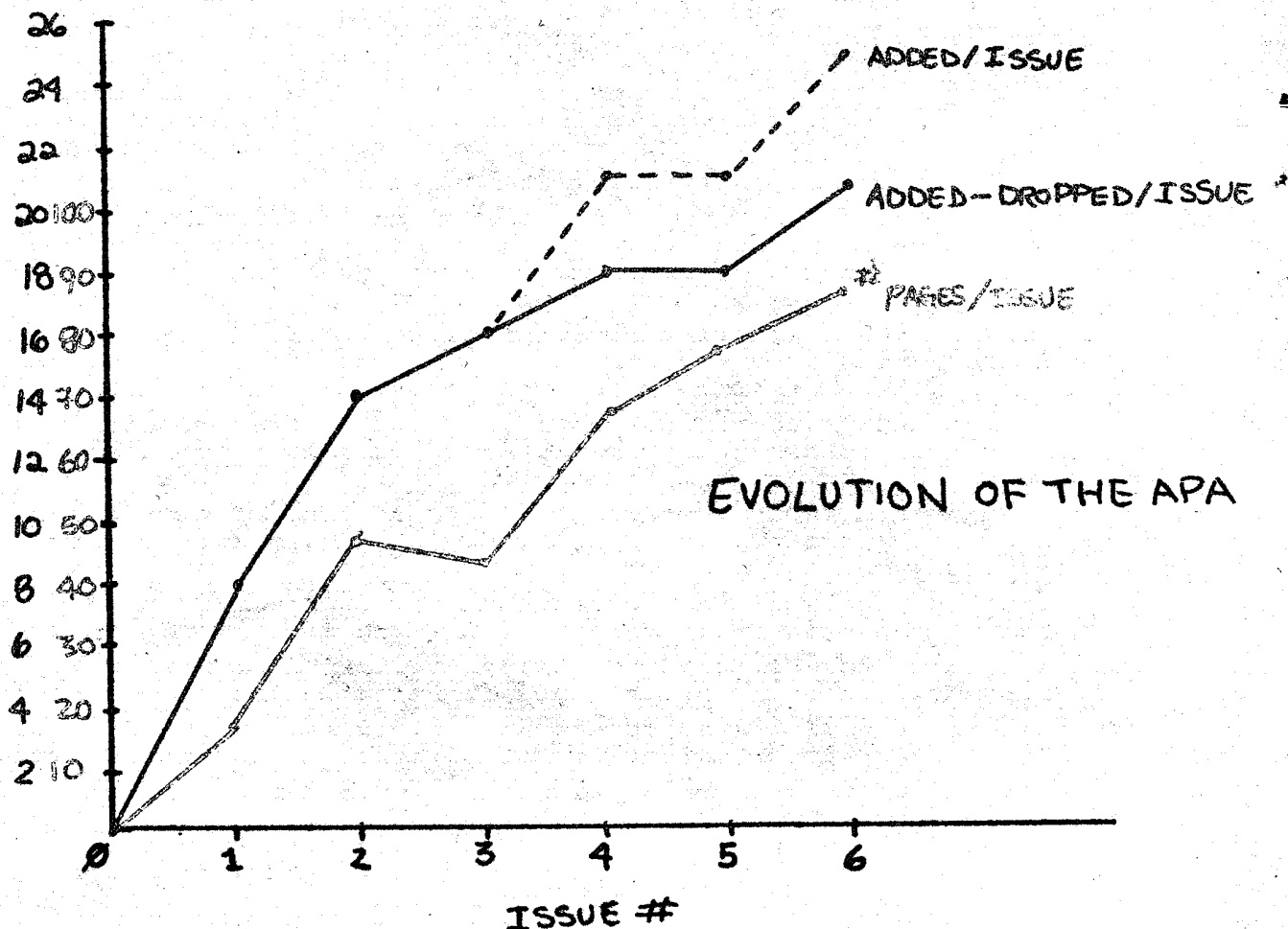
For #3 we tried collating at WindyCon and found it to be a dismal failure. But waiting for Tullio to come back from eating pizza we began the legacy of the one-shots and 'Techies have no sex' ~~may/Tullio/should/have/come/back/sooner~~.

In Apa-Tech #4 we started to get postmailings (not one but five of them!) We also lost Tullio as a member (and Alex and Angel who was living here at the time. I guess someone had to make the rayguns.)

In #5 we seemed to have a plethora of one-shots: the marvelous Two Shot and (as Greg called it) ~~an animal from some fish~~.

For #6 we had a color cover (and not many apas can boast that unless they have access to NASA plans) and we got our first non-Giers in the apa: Kevin, Kim, and Mary. And the total page count was 87. Quite an increase from ~~the first~~ issue.

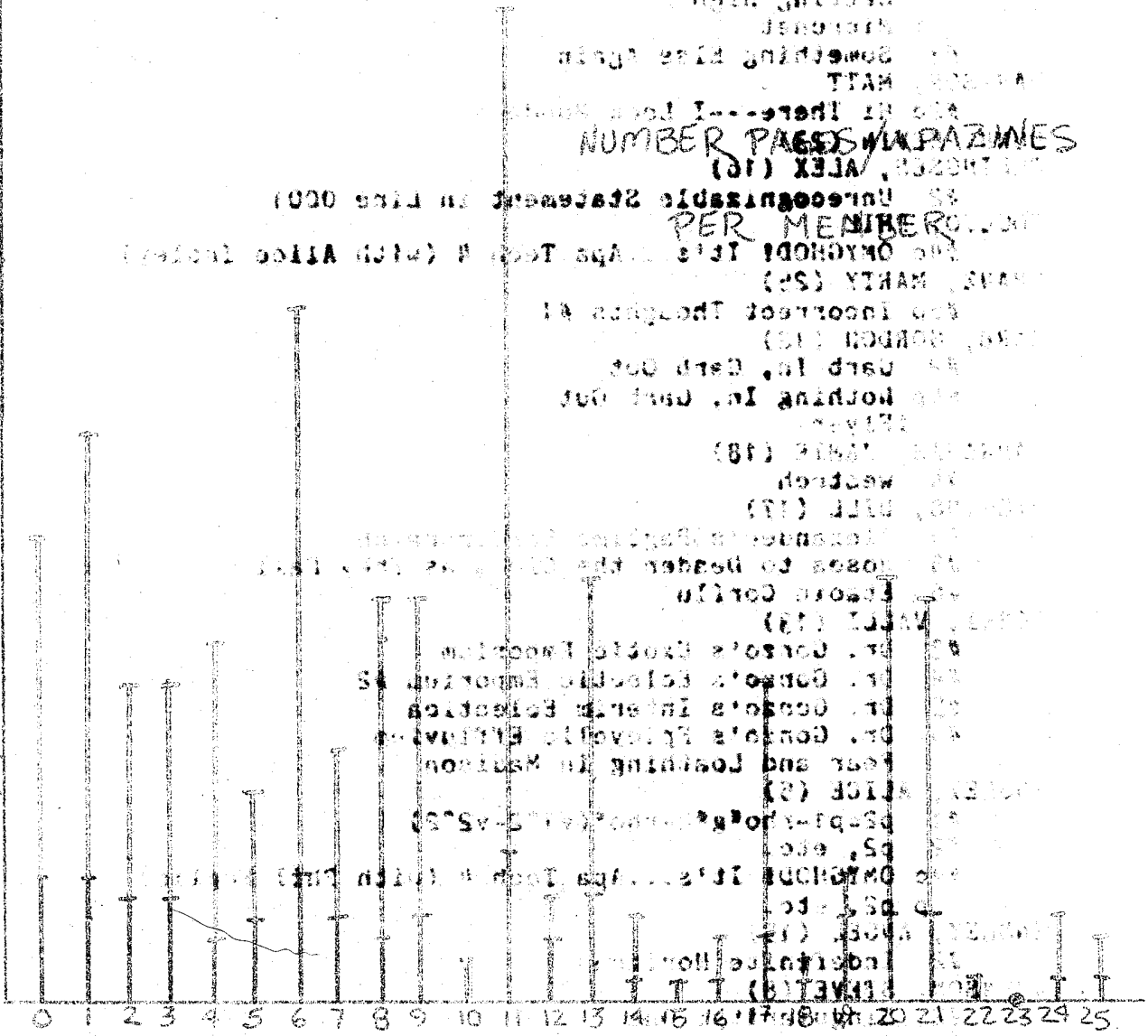
I think we've done alright. Apa-Tech has increased in size since the first issue by 400%. And we've had 25 members. But it's something else that makes me endure the long hours of typing and the nagging and the frustration when there's a queue on the computer and my job's at the bottom of the stack. It's people stopping me at a con and thrusting a sheaf of papers into my hand. "I don't know how to write and it's probably terrible but I want to join Apa-Tech." And it's Dick Smith calling me on the phone telling me that there are people waiting to get the next issue and "Where the Hell is it?" It's knowing that people want to read what you've put together and that they care and are



interested enough to keep the apa alive and growing. Ghod knows, I've got to be getting something out of this. Somehow it all seems worth it in the end. I want to thank all of you for helping to make Apa-Tech a worthwhile place to express our concerns, our hopes, to chat, to be crazy, to be comfortable in (and go with any decor), and to communicate with our friends. If this apa means half as much to you as it does to me then I should have no worries about Apa-Tech continuing for another year ~~I/may/drop/dead/1/2/3/4/5/6/7/8/9/10/11/12/13/14/15/16/17/18/19/20/21/22/23/24/25/26/27/28/29/30/31/32/33/34/35/36/37/38/39/40/41/42/43/44/45/46/47/48/49/50/51/52/53/54/55/56/57/58/59/60/61/62/63/64/65/66/67/68/69/70/71/72/73/74/75/76/77/78/79/80/81/82/83/84/85/86/87/88/89/90/91/92/93/94/95/96/97/98/99/100/101/102/103/104/105/106/107/108/109/110/111/112/113/114/115/116/117/118/119/120/121/122/123/124/125/126/127/128/129/130/131/132/133/134/135/136/137/138/139/140/141/142/143/144/145/146/147/148/149/150/151/152/153/154/155/156/157/158/159/160/161/162/163/164/165/166/167/168/169/170/171/172/173/174/175/176/177/178/179/180/181/182/183/184/185/186/187/188/189/190/191/192/193/194/195/196/197/198/199/200/201/202/203/204/205/206/207/208/209/210/211/212/213/214/215/216/217/218/219/220/221/222/223/224/225/226/227/228/229/230/231/232/233/234/235/236/237/238/239/240/241/242/243/244/245/246/247/248/249/250/251/252/253/254/255/256/257/258/259/260/261/262/263/264/265/266/267/268/269/270/271/272/273/274/275/276/277/278/279/280/281/282/283/284/285/286/287/288/289/290/291/292/293/294/295/296/297/298/299/300/301/302/303/304/305/306/307/308/309/310/311/312/313/314/315/316/317/318/319/320/321/322/323/324/325/326/327/328/329/330/331/332/333/334/335/336/337/338/339/340/341/342/343/344/345/346/347/348/349/350/351/352/353/354/355/356/357/358/359/360/361/362/363/364/365/366/367/368/369/370/371/372/373/374/375/376/377/378/379/380/381/382/383/384/385/386/387/388/389/390/391/392/393/394/395/396/397/398/399/400/401/402/403/404/405/406/407/408/409/410/411/412/413/414/415/416/417/418/419/420/421/422/423/424/425/426/427/428/429/430/431/432/433/434/435/436/437/438/439/440/441/442/443/444/445/446/447/448/449/450/451/452/453/454/455/456/457/458/459/460/461/462/463/464/465/466/467/468/469/470/471/472/473/474/475/476/477/478/479/480/481/482/483/484/485/486/487/488/489/490/491/492/493/494/495/496/497/498/499/500/501/502/503/504/505/506/507/508/509/510/511/512/513/514/515/516/517/518/519/520/521/522/523/524/525/526/527/528/529/530/531/532/533/534/535/536/537/538/539/540/541/542/543/544/545/546/547/548/549/550/551/552/553/554/555/556/557/558/559/560/561/562/563/564/565/566/567/568/569/570/571/572/573/574/575/576/577/578/579/580/581/582/583/584/585/586/587/588/589/590/591/592/593/594/595/596/597/598/599/600/601/602/603/604/605/606/607/608/609/610/611/612/613/614/615/616/617/618/619/620/621/622/623/624/625/626/627/628/629/630/631/632/633/634/635/636/637/638/639/640/641/642/643/644/645/646/647/648/649/650/651/652/653/654/655/656/657/658/659/660/661/662/663/664/665/666/667/668/669/670/671/672/673/674/675/676/677/678/679/680/681/682/683/684/685/686/687/688/689/690/691/692/693/694/695/696/697/698/699/700/701/702/703/704/705/706/707/708/709/710/711/712/713/714/715/716/717/718/719/720/721/722/723/724/725/726/727/728/729/730/731/732/733/734/735/736/737/738/739/740/741/742/743/744/745/746/747/748/749/750/751/752/753/754/755/756/757/758/759/760/761/762/763/764/765/766/767/768/769/770/771/772/773/774/775/776/777/778/779/780/781/782/783/784/785/786/787/788/789/790/791/792/793/794/795/796/797/798/799/800/801/802/803/804/805/806/807/808/809/810/811/812/813/814/815/816/817/818/819/820/821/822/823/824/825/826/827/828/829/830/831/832/833/834/835/836/837/838/839/840/841/842/843/844/845/846/847/848/849/850/851/852/853/854/855/856/857/858/859/860/861/862/863/864/865/866/867/868/869/870/871/872/873/874/875/876/877/878/879/880/881/882/883/884/885/886/887/888/889/890/891/892/893/894/895/896/897/898/899/900/901/902/903/904/905/906/907/908/909/910/911/912/913/914/915/916/917/918/919/920/921/922/923/924/925/926/927/928/929/930/931/932/933/934/935/936/937/938/939/940/941/942/943/944/945/946/947/948/949/950/951/952/953/954/955/956/957/958/959/960/961/962/963/964/965/966/967/968/969/970/971/972/973/974/975/976/977/978/979/980/981/982/983/984/985/986/987/988/989/990/991/992/993/994/995/996/997/998/999/1000/1001/1002/1003/1004/1005/1006/1007/1008/1009/1010/1011/1012/1013/1014/1015/1016/1017/1018/1019/1020/1021/1022/1023/1024/1025/1026/1027/1028/1029/1030/1031/1032/1033/1034/1035/1036/1037/1038/1039/1040/1041/1042/1043/1044/1045/1046/1047/1048/1049/1050/1051/1052/1053/1054/1055/1056/1057/1058/1059/1060/1061/1062/1063/1064/1065/1066/1067/1068/1069/1070/1071/1072/1073/1074/1075/1076/1077/1078/1079/1080/1081/1082/1083/1084/1085/1086/1087/1088/1089/1090/1091/1092/1093/1094/1095/1096/1097/1098/1099/1100/1101/1102/1103/1104/1105/1106/1107/1108/1109/1110/1111/1112/1113/1114/1115/1116/1117/1118/1119/1120/1121/1122/1123/1124/1125/1126/1127/1128/1129/1130/1131/1132/1133/1134/1135/1136/1137/1138/1139/1140/1141/1142/1143/1144/1145/1146/1147/1148/1149/1150/1151/1152/1153/1154/1155/1156/1157/1158/1159/1160/1161/1162/1163/1164/1165/1166/1167/1168/1169/1170/1171/1172/1173/1174/1175/1176/1177/1178/1179/1180/1181/1182/1183/1184/1185/1186/1187/1188/1189/1190/1191/1192/1193/1194/1195/1196/1197/1198/1199/1200/1201/1202/1203/1204/1205/1206/1207/1208/1209/1210/1211/1212/1213/1214/1215/1216/1217/1218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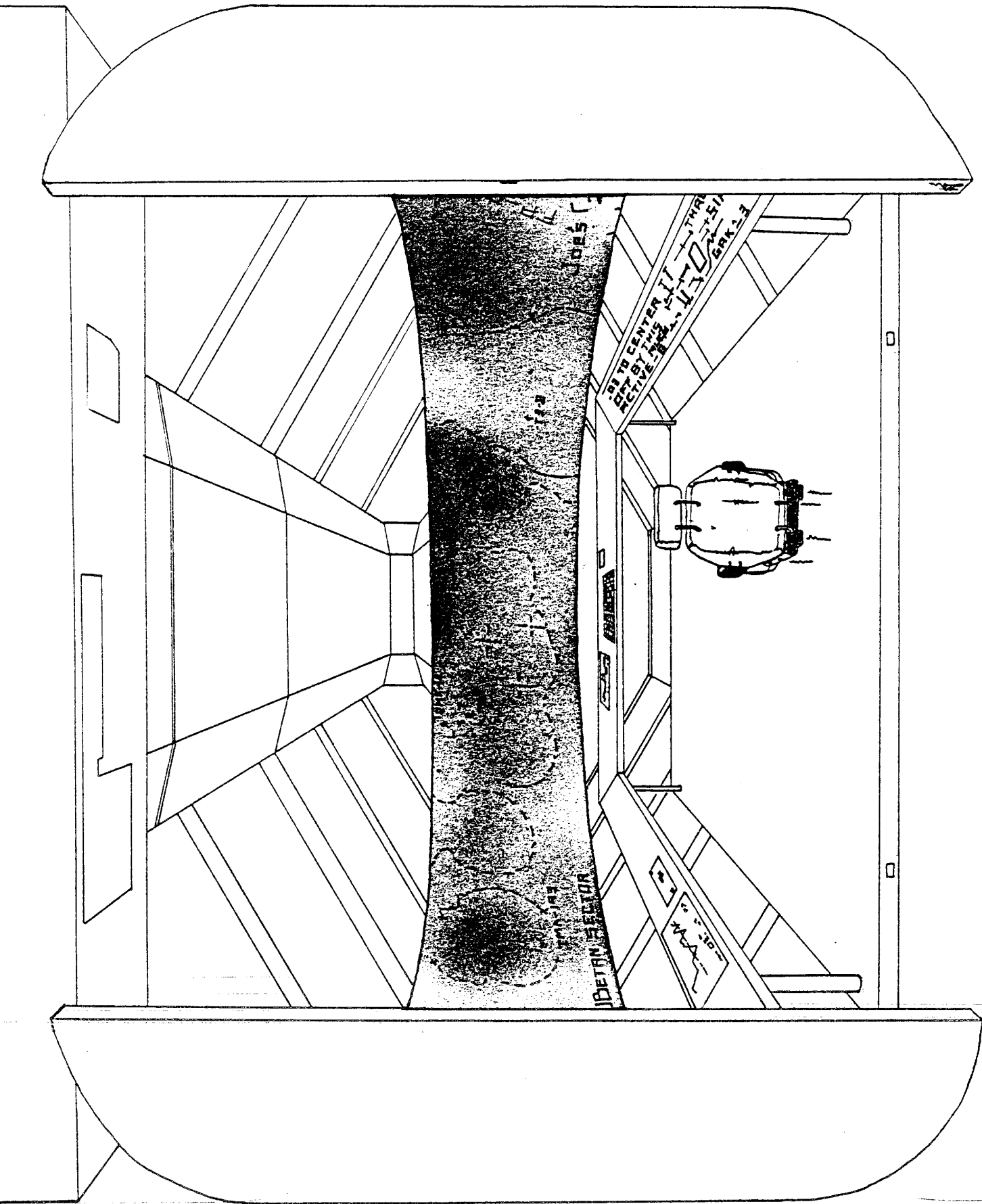
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Alice just called the party in Chicago at Neil and Sue's. We are relieved that it went off as a great success. I'm annoyed she is getting all the credit, for us other con committee people are greedy as hell and deserve at least a pat or two on the head. I, for instance, had to call Niven, tell him the various sundry circumstances and ask him to please fly coach and through Chicago, drive for three hours each way, with people he didn't know, to and from Chambana because Ozark was on strike, and stay overnight at two very fannish people's home (I don't think he knew Neil or Sue) and have a party there. Can you imagine me on the phone, talking with Larry for the first time, explaining this to him? He WAS a

god; now he's human, but back then he was Deity First Class, and one averts one's eyes when talking to people of that stature, so I thought. Alice got off easy! Not only that, but guess who came up with Niven's name for Goh in the first place! This is a mere example of the tireless, thankless work us underlings in the committee have done to HMMMMRRRRP-HHFFHSLKDSLKDFJSLDFLKhikjslkemphh.

* * *

Three days later

* * *

They just let me out of a very uncomfortable straight-jacket. It didn't fit very well, the sleeves were too long.

I've just now received an Author's Guide from Creative Computing Magazine. In it, editor Ted Nelson describes what the mag wants and how they want it. It is just as interesting as the flyer from Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine. Both attempt to kill polysyllabic rot-gut and biased slime. Creative Computing Magazine has a terrible pay rate, though.

* * *

Al Babcock called. He said he had talked to the manager of the Ramada Inn. It seems that the blond kid that gave us so much trouble at Whatcon II had been chewed out two days earlier for being to lax; it is believed that he over-reacted. Al made the manager agree to allow a clause inserted into the next Chambanacon contract that states "blond kid shall be nowhere near the Ramada Inn during Chambanacon." This is assuming a Chambanacon will be held this year, which is still up in the air. If there is, the deities in power at Chambanacon are, among other things, considering a 700 membership con...

* * *

Here is a bit of computer gossip. It is short, and should be the only of its kind in my zine this apa.

From a source that seemed very confident of his/her information: Intel is making use of a somewhat more intelligent form of integrated circuit packaging than the dual-in-line format, the one with the pins sticking out of the chip on two sides.

?!?

Oh SHIT, the air raid sirens are going off!!! its 12:42 AM, and is that ever SCARY!! toodles fer now...

I was looking for my cat Rip, walking down the center of Orchard Avenue, when the disaster siren ten blocks away started to ROAR. That is a phenomenon that my body does not agree with at all. There were three tornadoes sighted around town, but nothing near us;

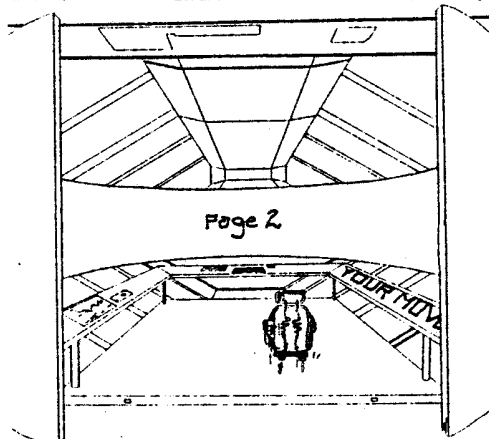
nonetheless I was nearly in shock when the sirens did their thing. That is a very strange feeling, being all alone, outside in the night, when a killer siren attempts to wake everyone up. There is a story in it somewhere.

Meanwhile, Intel is using their newfangled format with a new 32 bit processor called a 432 that is supposed to trash Motorola, Zilog, and National Semiconductor's attempts at making 32 bit processors. Naturally, none of the three have announced much of anything in regard to 32 bit processors. According to my source of information, sample quantities will be out around NOV-DEC 1980, with a general release around the second quarter of 1981. The source also said IBM and other large mainframe companies were somewhat disturbed with the announcement.

The last thing I heard about an Intel 32 bit processor was that it was called the 8800 and it was going to be manufactured with a quad-in-line packaging. Time will tell.

My source also says that the 432 will not be supplied with an assembler, but an ADA COMPILER will, and users will be able to write an assembler if they so desire. Ada is the next supergosh language. Unfortunately, Honeywell has got the government contract to write it for Honeywell machines; who knows what they are going to do to it. Ada has roots in Pascal, ALGOL, and FORTRAN. It should prove to be an adequately low level language to be able to produce good code that is as easy to develop as that on a C based system, yet still have a horrendous amount of typing necessary for a high level language to survive twit programmers that are "very productive" (and don't document).

Other chips to be released using the new format: a 32K by 8 bit static RAM, access time 100 ns [very SIC]; something called the 286, which is an 8086 with the memory management and instruction extensions build in; a thing called a 186, a DMA control processor; and a chip (the 186?) that magically "dual-ports" memory, up to a single megabyte.



At Marcon 1980, Jeff Dunte-mann was subjected to being a member of a panel.

The following is something I put together as a result of

listening to their spiel.

HOW HARD IS IT N O W TO WRITE SF ?

A science fiction writer wants to be right. It is a goal that is feverishly pursued, be it Harlan Ellison or John Varley. The more grandiose the statement made, the better.

An author cannot be right all the time, nor can the impact of all the messages broadcast be of truly magnificent stature, nor will the messages always even remotely reflect reality, so the author's skill as a storyteller will have to shine. There are many science fiction stories that are good pieces of writing and survive as such despite the fact that all the premises they decree are considered to be absurd. For example, according to George O. Smith, the future is filled with relays and large vacuum tubes, and Wells worries over the topic of vivisection. C.S. Lewis and others have field days with their main characters on Mars. Perry Rhodan went to Venus many times, and Doc Savage has the world's most heroic suntan but avoids the problems of skin cancer.

It is no surprise that the amount of science fiction stories being written seems to bear a direct relation to the amount of science and technological research being done, at least here in the US. Both are a side effect of the growth of an affluent population. The question presented here is: How hard is it now to write SF?

YOU are an author, and you want to write a story. You have a vague notion about some segment of technology that you are trying to incorporate into your story. These facts are some percentage of the total net worth of the story, maybe most. If it is very little of the story, it would be nice if your facts were correct, and in-depth sufficiently to add to the voice of the writing. If the percentage is high, it is necessary for the facts to be accurate, the story will otherwise croak. Time is, stragely enough, an SF story's demise. Your story must withstand the test of time, the worst final exam known to mankind. Awful SF is swept from the racks by time.

It is unfortunate that an SF story that is good can become awful in a few days by the revelation of a once-hidden fact that becomes a household word. There are often cases of an otherwise excellent story becoming terrible before it is printed. It is thus that the writer of SF is extraordinarily preoccupied with his facts being straight before his story is in print.

Years ago, it was easier to research certain topics and make a reasonable statement in a story. Even so, SF writers generally aren't the people doing the state-of-the-art research, and as a result, because of the nature of the endeavoring scientists, inventors, and the publishing industry, SF writers and the rest of the public wouldn't know about something for months or years. An example is the sudden onslaught of transistor technology. Both Asimov and Gunn

wrote about small computers handheld and with displays, but Asimov wrote his story well after Dr. Bardeen and company invented the transistor and Gunn's story, although predating the transistor, simply mentions a computer and its size (and thus practicality) without going into the details of how he imagined the tubes and relays in the thing being so small. If an author could incorporate little known state-of-the-art discoveries into his stories, he/she would be doing the research and not writing the story.

It is certainly worse now. There is much more research being done, and most of it is very specialized. Researchers and librarians are becoming catatonic trying to keep up, hopefully preventing their work becoming obsolete in the blink of an eye -- how does the lowly SF writer cope? He is an individual attempting to be friends with both professors and the general populace, for he, as a writer, is taking some "little known" facts as described by the professor and popularizing it, incorporating it in a story and presenting it to the populace for consumption. What does a writer do to "defend" himself from the intricacies of the real world?

Some SF authors incorporate as little state-of-the-art science as possible, preferring to work with commonly understood materials. The results rarely become less an SF story, as not all science fiction deals with the future, not all SF goes CLANK, nor do all stories require a token trip to the moon and back. Harlan Ellison's "I Have No Mouth and I Must Scream," gives a bare minimum of technical detail, but nonetheless the story manages to expose the reader to concepts which are dependent on the premises of the story, something inherently SF, and does it with magnificent impact.

An example of a recent story attempting to incorporate several state-of-the-art concepts is Fred Pohl's Man Plus. This story is a prime demonstration of what happens when an excellent writer attempts to write about topics such as computer science, cybernetics, artificial intelligence, medical engineering, and psychology, and botches it.

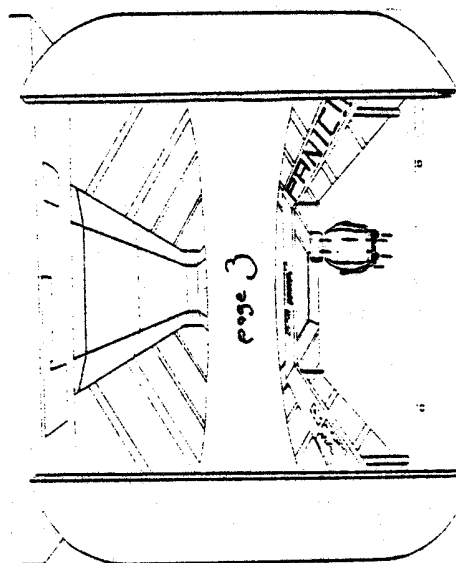
Upon reading parts of the text, disbelief is felt. Questions are asked, but the text does not provide nearly enough detail to answer them; in fact, it seems that the text goes out of its way not to answer them.

Pohl does not tell the reader how all those miraculous feats are possible. How can someone have 99% of his guts torn out of him, put back together with different guts, and live? How can a network of computers (or one big computer) become self-aware, connive plans for saving themselves and the human race, and avoid detection by the people that designed and built them? (They apparently didn't, for the last sentence in the book describes someone is biasing their efforts. No computer fools a computer jock for long, apparently; but the hints are not enough!)

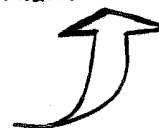
Not enough information is presented to the knowledgeable reader to satiate his thirst. The opinion comes across that if Pohl had done more homework, in short, if Pohl had become an expert in the fields he has written about, then the story would be changed, not completely different, but at least believable. As it is, the legs of the story are extremely wobbly, because the technology wasn't given sufficient air-time. There are millions of problems that prevent a computer to become self-aware and thinking that are too well recognised and understood by certain individuals to allow the basic premise of the story to survive, that 8000+ networked machines are going to be able to hide their abilities from humans. NO WAY! The reasons for their success at this is nowhere mentioned. Another no way. This is bad, open-ended SF.

Science fiction appears to be written by knowledgeable people. Asimov is an industrial strength information vacuum cleaner for mostly any topic. His specialty is clear, though, because of the amount of depth available in The Gods Themselves concerning alien life forms and different universes. Ursula LeGuin has a different focus; her specialty is anthropological in contrast to Asimov's biochemical. A common point for comparison is how SF writers incorporate questions of intelligence and mental talents. LeGuin, Asimov, Piers Antony (Macroscopic), and Frank Herbert (Dune) can all be classified easily by comparing their statements. It is rare, however, that they should venture outside their realm of competence, as their resultant work becomes too easy a topic for ridicule.

It is very easy for a writer to enter a region of knowledge, these days, and write something completely off the wall. Whoever said "Ignorance is bliss" was no science fiction writer.



Next Apa:
"I was in a bookstore one day, and found..."



The Glow in the Dark Index is a strange way of categorizing people. If you walk into a room, and the first thing you notice in the mob of people within is someone uncharacteristically more real than all the others, THAT person has a higher glow in the dark index than anyone else in the room. Jesus Christ must have had one of the highest glow in the dark indices ever. Television types, movie types, salesmen for IBM, interviewers, indian chiefs, professional wrestlers, and Jimmy Carter's teeth all attempt to accentuate their glow in the dark index in order to gain notoriety.

The glow in the dark index can be applied to places and things as well. Miami and Santa Barbara have high index values. So does the Riviera and the Alps. Some people can recognise the index value of Alpha/Proxima Centauri and L-5, but since few people (to my knowledge) live there or have visited there, not much can be understood.

Many properties can be taken advantage of to increase a person's glow in the dark index. Anything that affects the senses. How many people do you know use things to accentuate their glow in the dark index? What do they use? Flashy clothes, perfume or cologne, cosmetics, a dark tan, expert use of voice and body positioning, dying of the hair, surrounding themselves with other people, etc.

Where is Tom Lehrer now?

I gotta get a car and get a driverbadge.

I still have a basement filled with selected computer books. Various sundry microprocessor books, some beginning BASIC books, ... well, I'll make a list and stick it in here. I also still have a couple new EPROM erasers that have never been opened. They are being advertised in BYTE magazine for sixty-seventy dollars, so I am selling them for around thirty. I remember some chief nit at Marcon trying to con me out of one of them for fifteen-twenty. He was entirely unpleasant to talk to.

Does anyone want copies of Kilobaud 1 through 10? I have

several of each, and am willing to sell for 40 cents each.

How about that, someone is now making a Sol-II. Got the first hint that it was true from Jeff Duntemann, and then found a reference in INFOWORLD that it was true.

Six hours ago, I rode the five miles from home to get my monthly dose of microcomputer magazines. I came back with two copies of a biweekly called Infoworld, a MAGNIFICENT publication, a very important issue of Dr. Dobbs Journal of Computer Calisthenics & Orthodontia, an interesting issue of Creative Computing, and a couple worthless but nonetheless mind-expanding copies of Sourceworld, a monthly designed to SELL the SOURCE, a time-sharing service out to get all the small computer owners as a central depository for nifty computer software and gossip.

Here is a better version of the story about the Intel chips told to me second hand:

INFOGRAM, June 9, 1980 Infoworld, by Mark Garetz..."Intel has finally announced some more definite information about their new 32 bit machine/chips. There are three devices, designated the P1, P2, and P5. The SSO group (for Special System Operations) which is now based in Oregon, has been working on the design of these details: The P1 and P2 devices are extensions of the 8086 architecture, and they are 8086 code-compatible, which means that they execute a super-set of the 8086 code. They both have a virtual address space of 30 bits and have a physical address of 24 bits. The P1 device will execute code 1.3 times faster than an 8086 running at 8 MHz and has three, 16 bit interval timers, an interrupt controller, a clock generator, and two DMA channels, all on-chip. The P1 is designed to exist in a multiprocessing environment and has a master/slave, dual bus structure for that purpose. There is an interprocessor communications port allowing multiple P1's to communicate while bypassing the system bus.

"The P2 device will execute instructions three times faster than an 8 MHz 8086 and is designed primarily for multi-user operating systems. It will employ four distinct user levels: the kernel, the Operating Management System, the Customer, and the User. The P2 will have an on-chip memory manager and two I/O channels. It will also directly execute a real-time operating system nucleus out of its own high-speed RAM. The operating system is similar to Intel's RMX series. The instruction set is designed specifically to support high-level languages such as Pascal. The P1 and P2 devices will come in 64-pin packages, and will be available sometime in late 1981.

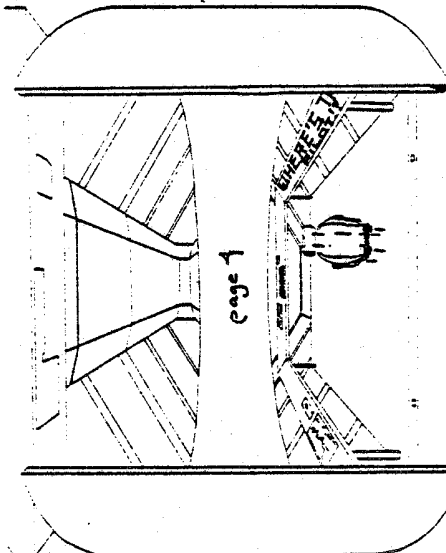
"The P5 device [[are you ready?]] is being called the Micro-Mainframe, and will employ a full 32 bit architecture. This chip will be a first in that it

will directly execute a high-level language. The language will be ADA, which is a superset of Pascal.

"Intel has removed the assembly-level coding task from the programmer by requiring that he or she program directly in ADA. No direct access to registers, memory, or the like are allowed. It will use a packet-type bus that transmits information in very high speed bursts. The P5 is a three-chip set consisting of the Processor, Storage Module and the Bus Interface. The processor module is designed with a 'ring' type bus that will allow up to eight processor modules to exist as one CPU. The minimum system only needs one, but if you need more processing power, just add more processing modules. The architecture is such that a task may be assigned to any processor that is idle at the time, with all the multitasking overhead built-in and transparent to the user. Sounds pretty powerful. The P5 will be available in late 1980; the word is that actual silicon is being passed around Intel right now."

...Oh, man. Of course I will yell the battlecry of the programmer, "NOT GOOD ENUF!!"

Infoworld is a magnificent ratsheet. I can identify with the editorials (except, of course, those done by his majesty Adam Osborne. I don't like the way tosses comments about programming languages around. I do like his recent coverage of the UCSD Pascal legalize fiasco, which you can read about in recent issues of Infoworld. It has the drop on the glossy BYTE and Kilobaud, and although it doesn't have Ted Nelson's writing, it does have an adequate arsenal all its own, much superior to Wayne Greene's inept arm-waving. All this of course, doesn't make any sense at all to anyone who doesn't give a care about small computers...



More small computer stuff. Jeff Duntemann and a host of other GTers got together and talked about writing networking software. Appropriately the timing of Dr. Dobbs' Journal etc etc. is out-

rageous, to use a San Francisco term. The June ish is all about networks. You will read quite a bit of outlines on quite a few networks. You will find out what the PCnet people are doing. You will learn about modems. I will find a strange, unreadable Diablo proportional-spacing program in BASIC.

Particularly interesting is the claim that "...Canadian experience indicates that the entire radio transceiver and interface could be built for about \$500.00, a price which would decline with any kind of production volume.", and, "...The Canadian Government has wisely assigned radio spectrum space (220-225 MHz) for Canadian radio amateurs to experiment with packet radio..."

Sheesh, I just remembered I haven't got to the comments section yet...

Sourceworld is an interesting example of "MBA intelligence." It is a thoroughly disgusting magazine. The exclamation point count per issue nears the number used in any given comic book by DC or Marvel. The following are excerpts from the classified add section:

"I have an option to lease a small hotel on a small beautiful, forgotten island...four regularly scheduled flights a day to an international airport (15 min away)...last traffic accident 12 years ago...dress on island beaches is as casual as you want...I am looking for fifty free spirits to share in this adventure and investment with me...the hotel is new on a lonely beach with completely modern facilities including direct dial phone to the states...reply to CLO160..."

"...receive all cable TV channels perfectly (and many others they don't give you), wherever you live without subscribing to cable TV and without its problems...by april we will even have a fancy demo-dish trailer rig which we will bring to your location behind our car or installation truck, to demonstrate, live, how it works! ...Write: Paul Helfer, Helfer's Antenna Service, 23 Brookside Place, Pleasantville, NY 10570 (914) 769-2588.

My favorite ad is the one run in Kilobaud that has the banner How Is Your Love Life? and sports a girl in bikini sleepware on a silk bed with an Apple II computer flashing a message on a black and white television monitor "Interlude #99 The Ultimate Experience."

MAILING COMMENTS, FINALLY!!!

The last cover was great. Is it hand colored, or was it color-copied?

G.T. BUCKFAST

We found a fannish artstore on the outskirts of Urbana, due East. It is called Pyramid Paper Company. It is a warehouse that sells grammar school stuff besides art and craft tools. Oval art

mattes. Oval stretched canvas. Blank playing card decks. Wood carving tool sets. Very long, heavy duty staplers selling for 21 dollars (\$37.50 in downtown Cham-paign). Eat yer heart out.

Calamity-zoo has been de-clared "Most exciting small town to visit, but not to live in." Congratulations on your skill and dexterity avoiding a tornado that devastated the building next door to the shop you were in, if I got the story right.

Happy Birthday, APATECH!!!!

GREGORY RUFFIAN

Keep up this kind of work and we are going to get IMMENSELY annoyed with you.

The difference between science and religion: religion has two cable television channels; science IS cable television.

I never got to find out at Whatcon what the hell you were up to, so I guess I gotta do it this way. Greg, whaddya up to?

GENTech Industries??

DONNA STRUWE

The title of your zine is a bit risque?

BILL LEININGER

I love the way you change type faces in the middle of your zine.. You have very very very chean sharp copy...

You got enuf from me upstairs to comment on...

KIP WILLIAMS

What are AZAPA and D'APA? Doing things by hand does allow a certain amount of creative freedom.

Firesign Theatre, and then cloes encounters with Hitch Hiker's Guide to the Galaxy!!!!!!!

I hate the quota system the scientific community is placed in; it means 99% percent of the publi-cations are REALLY worthless, as opposed to MAYBE worthless...

R.E. SMITH

Your mechanical record player is reminiscent of the toy Eric Gullerud found in his recently moved into communal home, an ancient 78 speed record player that has a secret button. You push the button and a secret door opens with a magnificent WHIRRRRRRR; a platter turner is mechanistically and pompously brought outside the ugly box. Incredible. It blew

everyone's mind when they first came across the machine.

Qual exam: my 333 EXAM!!

MICHAEL SESTAK

BNC, kiddo...

DOUG VAN DORN

We need more letters in Wash-ington RE space expenditures...

DICK SMITH

Some fans are lowly creatures not worth sneering at. Some are just uninformed of reality. Lack of information is usually the cause of things like Linda Lounsbury saying something like that. So, inform her. If you are caught or killed, we will disavow all knowledge of your activities...

Interesting idea, that wire-wrap. I'll have to try it someday.

How was the Pro-Musica?

So, your APA came with my zine back page forward, huh. .

ORGY? Did someone mention that word?

VALLI

That unknown person... Wiscon has a hotel? The BIG event at Wiscon was a BLINKIE panel? and What about NAOMI?

SKEFFINGTON

Glad you at least had a hell of a time at Whatcon. I hear Mary S. had an interesting time as well.

Nope, Asimov read everything including stuff written before the beginning of recorded history.

DOUG VAN AGAIN

The powers that be in the English dept. here at UI don't believe either you or I. Sigh...

KEITH

Your GONE!! NOW I can write comments to your ZINES!

MICHAEL BENTLEY

OH! (heh heh) thats ME. Well, as you know by now, I FIXED THE DIABLO! I AM NOW A HARDWARE JOCK!! POOF! Here's my diploma and every-thing...

Since the problem with the Diablo, I've been running mychine with two VDM displays on the same signal; one display is a regular television set that has been con-

verted to VDM duty (Video Display Monitor, that is). It is a bit un-stable, as the picture wavers around. It is a large, white, nine inch diagonal display, and con-trasts nicely with the 6 inch diagonal green P4 (fast?) phosphor television monitor. When I get tired of the one screen, I turn my head and use the second. It adds another dimension to comprehending what the text says...

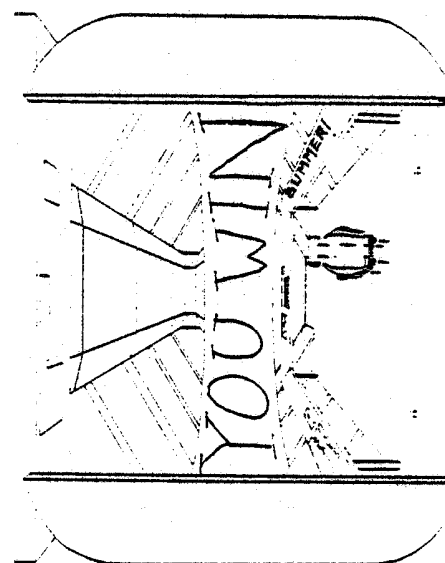
My \$ 1500 00 state-of-the-art disk drive has a three dollar light bulb that likes to burn out once every six months or so. It is an integral part of the system, so the drive won't work without it. Mine burned out finally, and I had to race all over town to find the replacement bulb. 's called a grain of rice ..

Once, the daisy wheel on my Diablo printer was trying to fly off, spinning nonstop and contin-uously, quite variant from what it was supposed to do, find position ZERO and STOP. It fixed itself. Isn't hardware wonderful? Yuk.

Nothing more to add about Video or Audio disks ..

I am TIRED. GOODNIGHT

PING!



See Me, Feel Me...Again

This zine is written for Apa-Tech by Donna Struwe, who is usually able to be found in the general vicinity of 2545 W. Winona Chicago, IL. 60625, and can be spoken to by calling (312) 275-3428.

There appear to be various rumors floating around Chicago fandom, and perhaps farther than that in GT, about my relationship with one Tullio Proni. Among these rumors, the most prevalent seems to be that my feelings are "just an infatuation". This implies, at least to me, that if this "infatuation" were to disappear, (for whatever reason) I would suddenly have nothing to do with him. I realize that these rumors are only out of concern for Tullio, and his friends not wanting to see him hurt, but let me put your minds at ease-whatever else happens with our relationship, I remain, first, last, and always-Tullio's friend.

There was a time that I felt I wouldn't be able to write in this apa about my feelings for someone--especially since I don't even know everyone who will be reading this--but, all things change. And this is something I feel very strongly about-lots of people seem to think my relationship with Tullio is doomed. And I think they're wrong. Time will determine who's right, but in the meantime, I'd like to think I'm not the only optimist in GT.

My Minicon report will be after what most people will read first anyway--the mailing comments on Apa-Tech 6--

Cover - Greg - really nice.

555 Times - Renee - see my comments to Kip. (No, you didn't miss them-they're on the next page, which I wrote first... oh, skip it) Anyway, not that it really makes any difference anymore, but just for the record, I hereby change my vote. I know, I know-it's still a majority at 7 votes for and 3 against a leniency period, but it really never occurred to me that people would just consider it a new deadline.

The Quintessential Singularity - Greg - Why would you want to cut down your page count? As long as what you've got to say is interesting, (which it is) why cut it down?

Yesterday's Tomorrow's today - Bill - I've often thought about the year 2000 being only 20 years away. Also, one of my instructors pointed out that 1984 is only 4 years away. Of course, out of 30 people in the class, only 2, one of them myself, had any idea what he was referring to--everyone else sort of sat there and said "yeah, and 1985 is only 5 years away..." AAARRGH!!!

See Me, Feel Me...Again -- page 2 -- mailing comments cont'd

Kwip - Kip - Having a weeks' grace does the same as convincing myself that the deadline is a week earlier than it is--only I'm being truthful with myself. Perhaps though, this whole business of deadlines is getting entirely out of hand--if there's a weeks' grace, it'd be nice--but if there isn't--I'll survive (and probably end up postmailing) Considering I'm getting my zine done before deadline lately, maybe even I won't need the extra week (which to me seems a small miracle) (OK Hence, you can change my vote to no leniency period--but my view remains the same as to including zines if you haven't yet collated--or putting them in the next issue) By the way, Kip, you said you'll have the same title each month--it might be less confusing if you changed the numbers insted of calling it "Kwip#1" each time. (just kidding--heh, heh) Oh, and also, welcome to the apa!

Transporter Topics - Rod - The "Qualifying Examination" you had was also in a publication for law students--they said this is what other tests would be if they were like the test for the Bar. I always liked the extra credit. ("Define the Universe; give three examples"?)

Young and Abroad in the Solar System - Misha - RAEBNC (well, one comment--I like your alternate titles.)

Radio Stuntman - Doug - "special guest appearances by Tullio Proni and Donna Struwa"?!? I didn't realize I rated "special guest", but I'm not even sure if I ever thanked you. The meal, and especially the company, were marvelous. Thanks.

Smith's Corona - Dick - Have I ever said one word about comparing your zine to mine (or anyone else's) for stupidity (or, perhaps to your advantage, the lack of it)?

Quality Inn Rug Heist - Gee, I would have been satisfied with Bill's explanation for why Todd had his laser--it seems quite reasonable to me.

Dr. Gonzo's Epicyclic Effluvium - Valli - re yr at Kieth--yes, I agree, he is definitely the undisputed champion of velour fandom at Thursday Night--and also I agree that's it's really nice to see him there. Other than that, RAEBNC.

Fear and Loathing in Madison - Valli - Now wait a minute! TWO zines? And Doug has two, too. And I have trouble just getting one done...sigh. It's only envy. RAEBNC.

Etaoin Corflu - Bill - re yr at Valli--I really liked Niven's Tales from Known Space. I think the first thing I read by him was World of Ptavva, which I also enjoyed immensely. What exactly did you think of The Magic Goes Away? (I noticed that it wasn't quite at the top of your list) I've been meaning to read it, but haven't yet gotten around to it. I noticed that you didn't mention Convergent Series either, another book of his that I liked--any particular reason?

See Me Feel Me... Again --page 3 -- more mailing comments

Eye Tracks - Doug - I try to write my zine right after I get the aps. But it's always a case of "well, I can write my zine, or do something that I should do immediately-and since I've got over a month before deadline..." And it becomes the "I'll write it tomorrow" syndrome. Also, I'm my own worst critic, and having that long to read over it causes me to pick it up every once in a while and yell at myself for writing about something the way I did, or as much as I did. And I always have a copy around cause I run off extras so I can take out the best 35 to send to Renée. And the other problem is if I'm asking someone a question-that's an even longer time to wait for an answer. But all things considered, I do agree with you-which is why I'm writing this early.

Tales From the Charmed Sea - Keith - How would you instill ethical or moral behavior without faith? It would seem to me, that it all depends upon what your ethics are, and where you're getting them from. I consider myself to be a religious person, and had never before thought about this question. It is however, an interesting problem.

The Right to Carry Lasers is the Right to be Free - Mary Lynn - I'm glad someone did something constructive about the laser bit-but it seemed to me that by ending your editorial with talk of irritating someone who is accidentally hit, you were implying that they may be dangerous-which is in contrast to the rest of your paper. I'm sure this wasn't your intention, but that was my first impression-and possibly that of other people as well.

The Bunny's MuBetan - Mike - Interesting story--kind of strange, but interesting (and enjoyable) none-the-less.

And now, as previously promised, my Minicon report --

Thursday night there was the usual panic as I walked out the door of "what did I forget?", but finally, I convinced myself that I had everything I needed. My father drove us (Linda and I) down to Union Station. While waiting in line, we ran into Doc and Anne Passavoy-the first sign of the beginning of the con. Linda decided, once we had found a couple of seats, to read chemistry, so I decided to try and get some sleep. The ride held no surprises save one-7:45 AM and we pulled into the station on time. Something I hadn't expected. We caught a cab, and it was off to the hotel.

When we walked in, we saw Dave Ihnat, then later ran into Roxanne who told us where Mary Lynn's room was. Linda wanted to wander around and check out the hotel, so we went up to Mary Lynn's and asked if we could leave our stuff there - she kindly obliged. We left our bags, and began to look around the hotel and all the shops downstairs. Linda hadn't been to the con last year, but I had, so she expected me to remember where everything was and show her. But soon enough we figured out where the most important rooms were, and ended up back in Mary Lynn's room talking.

See Me, Feel Me...Again -- page 4 -- more on Minicon...

As other people arrived, it became the usual "Hi, how you been?--Missed you!" syndrome. As well as meeting new friends.

Caught some of the "Rocky and His Friends" show Friday night. (Unfortunately, I didn't have my antlers. Alas, they were still in Chicago in the prop department for the "Stage Wars (or Who's Biggs?)" film. Sigh.)

I decided to try (in vain) to defend my health for once, and I actually got to sleep early-around 3:00. Saturday morning we all got up around 10:00. Everyone but Alex, that is. Even our attempt to get him up by actually forcing him out of the bed was in vain - he went back to sleep on the floor.

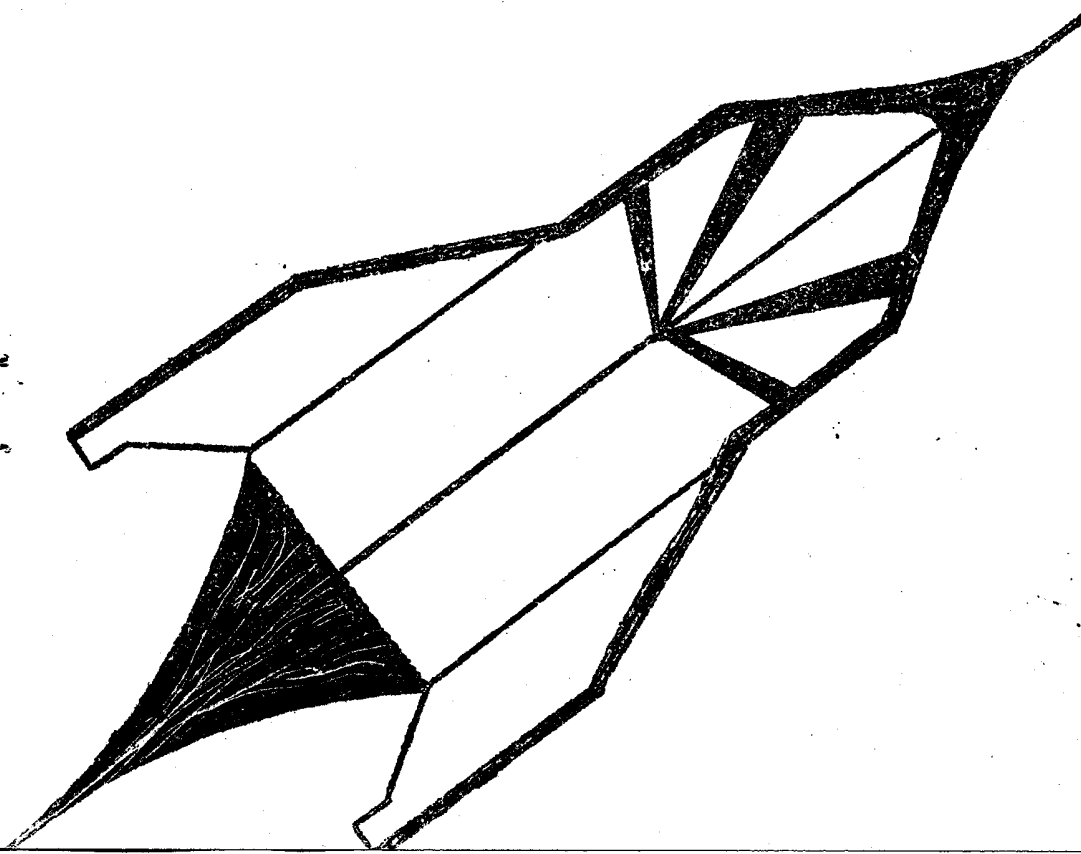
Bummed around for awhile, checking out the art show and huckster room, until the GT meeting. The idea of having summer Tutorial Berserkers sounds really great-even if I won't be able to go to most of them. Sigh. I won't even go into a discussion about the banning of lasers-everyone else will probably do it for me.

Back to the trenches, and trying to convince people to buy more guns. We weren't there for too long though, cause we all wanted to see the slide show for "The Empire Strikes Back". It was pretty good too.

Saturday night and it was over to Steve and Carol's room for the velour party. I had already worn my velour dress, so I showed up in the next best thing-silk. It seemed to serve the purpose.

All too soon it was Sunday, and saying good-bye began. And as all good things must come to an end, so did Minicon. It was good to see everyone there, and I hope to see you again soon. And with that, I bid you all a very fond farewell.

Donna



Young and Abroad in the Solar System
Reports...

navigation error

Update:

New Orbit

6219 Brookdale Dr

League City, TX

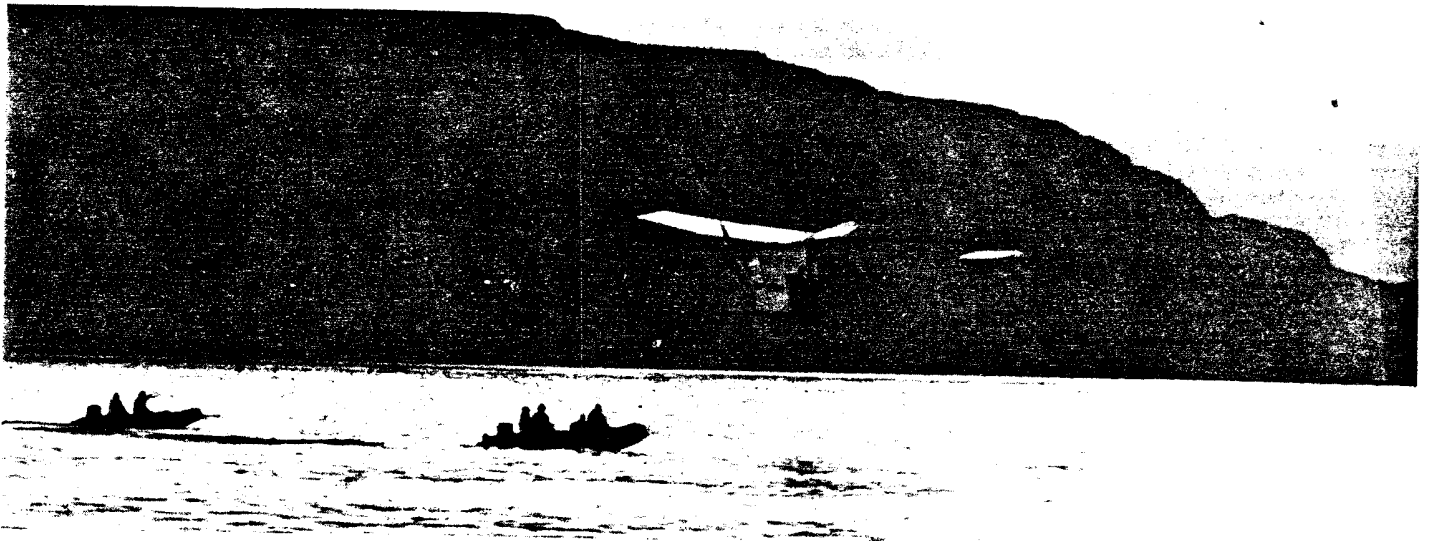
77573

YOUNG AND ABROAD IN THE SOLAR SYSTEM

*** Special Anniversary Edition ***

As you can see from the catchy cover, noe brought to you from a new address. No, I have not escaped from the swamps, yet, just metamorphosed into a true suburbanite. That is, I and a friend are renting a house. It is a small comfortable place with a low morgage interest and an assumable loan so when my friend's wife finishes her training and can move here, they can buy it and I will have a good excuse for finally packing up and going back for a PhD.

The photo and article collage which follows is a poor, but necessary substitute for the articles which I'd planned to do for this issue. But since moving, I still haven't even dug into half of the boxes and I don't know where 90% of what I own is! Look forward next ish to an extensive review of two wheel technology of all sorts and the comet flyby vignette which was to open this (ala YAAITSS #1). And on with the purty pickers...

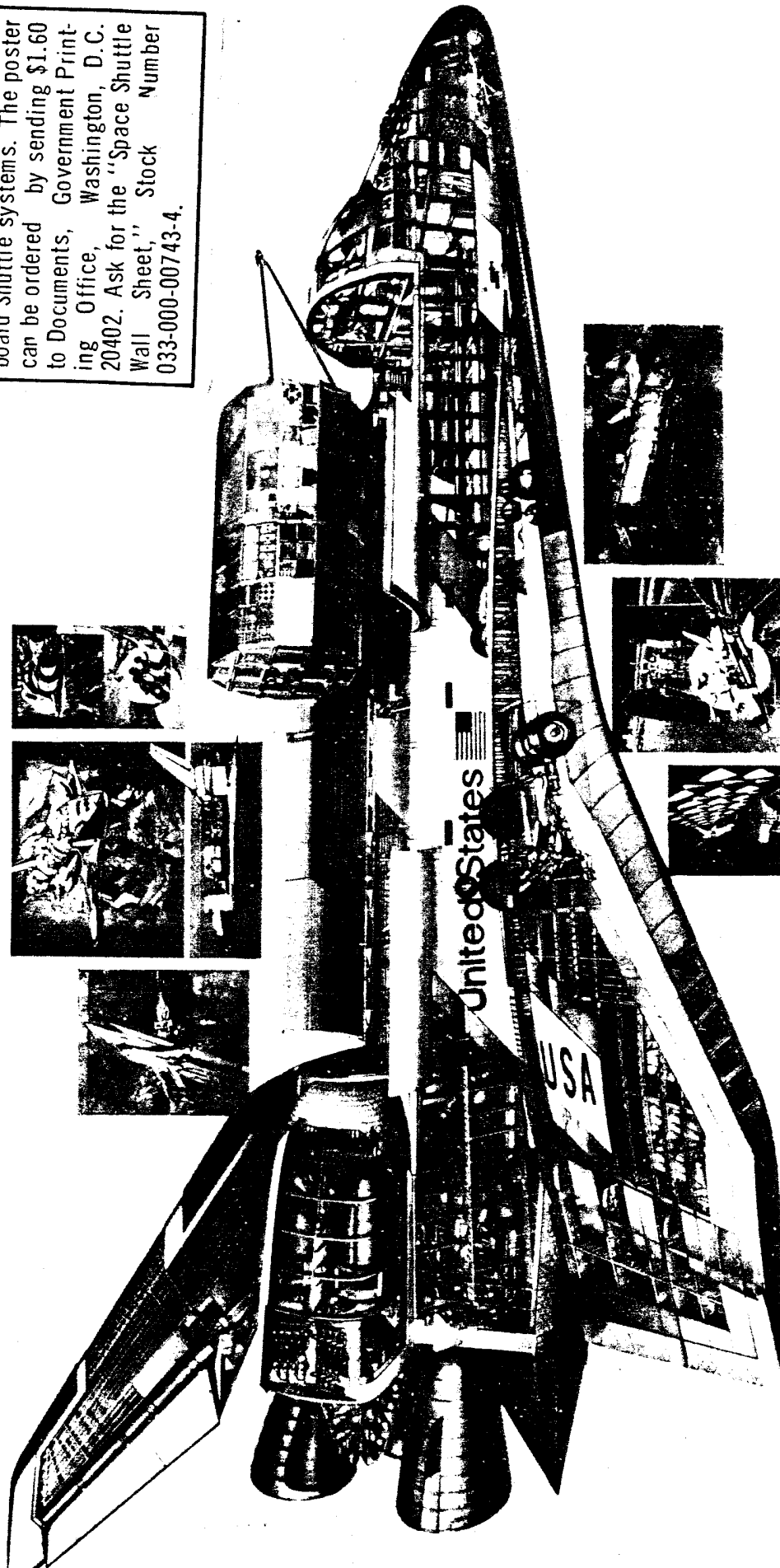


Man-powered craft crossing English Channel last June—to be displayed on site through April

A beautiful craft in the in the biased eye(s) of a 6 foot tall 140 pound fellow capable of pedaling a bicycle at 18 mph for over 90 minutes.

By the way, most of this stuff comes from the JSC Roundup and similar NASA or contractor newsletters and all acknowledgements are hereby made and all rights revert to the owners.

At the top of the page is a composite of 10 drawings using cutaway techniques to depict all on-board Shuttle systems. The poster can be ordered by sending \$1.60 to Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C. 20402. Ask for the "Space Shuttle Wall Sheet," Stock Number 033-000-00743-4.



All you want to know about tiles

The following is an information piece about the Shuttle's thermal protection system.

There are four types of materials used in the Shuttle spacecraft's thermal protection system. They cover the entire outer surface to protect the aluminum from entry friction temperatures which will reach as high as 3000 degrees F.

Reinforced Carbon-Carbon (RCC), a hard ceramic-type material, is used on the nosecone of the spacecraft and on the leading edges of the wings. This material protects those areas from temperatures exceeding 2300 degrees F.

Another TPS material is coated Nomex felt, which protects the spacecraft from temperatures below 750 degrees F., and is located on the cargo bay doors, the side area of the upper mid-fuselage, and on some portions of the upper wing surfaces.

The TPS "tiles" are a silica fiber-compound which absorbs the heat and forms a thermal barrier to ensure that the spacecraft's aluminum structure is not subjected to temperatures above 350 degrees F.

There are two types of tiles—High Temperature Reusable Surface Insulation

tiles (HRSI), which, when coated and cured, are black-colored and are designed to handle surface temperatures up to 2300 degrees F, and Low Temperature Reusable Surface Insulation (LRSI) tiles, which, when coated and cured, are off-white in color. The LRSI tiles are designed to handle surface temperatures up to 1200 degrees F.

The "black tiles" are located on the spacecraft's complete undersurface, some areas of the mid-fuselage and vertical stabilizer, and around the crew com-

Please turn to Page 4

Tiles

Continued from Page 1

partment windows which, ironically, gives a "raccoon look" to the spacecraft. The "white tiles" are located on the mid-fuselage, vertical stabilizer, OMS pod, and the upper wing surfaces.

The tiles are bonded to the spacecraft with Room Temperature Vulcanizer (RTV), an excellent bonding agent which has been used on many spacecraft.

The fibrous tiles are bonded to a felt material known as the Strain Isolator Pad (SIP). The SIP, in turn, is bonded to the aluminum surface of the spacecraft. Testing discovered that due to stress concentrations in the SIP material, the tile/SIP system fails at approximately half the stress at which it should fail.

NASA and a Rockwell Space Systems Group developed a process of densifying the back surface of the tile. Using a DuPont material called Ludox AS—which is an ammonia-stabilized binder—and mixing it with silica slip particles, it becomes a "wet cement" slurry which dries to a

finished hard surface.

The slurry is brushed onto the tile surface in several coatings. This penetrates about .11 inches into the tile. It is open air-dried and then given a heat treatment. The strength of the tile SIP system is increased by a factor of two with the densification.

There is also another Rockwell-developed repair process of inserting into the tile with a hypodermic needle a material which will then harden.

Once NASA and Rockwell have completed—and as of mid-February they were 90% completed—the various tests to establish the expected maximum loads facing the spacecraft during ascent and descent, the application and verification of densified tiles to the spacecraft surface is just a matter of time. Rockwell's estimate is that the tiles may be completely applied by the end of June if no unforeseen problems occur, and by July 30 at the latest.

Passengers, no Shuttle reservations

Contrary to recently published reports, NASA is not accepting reservations for potential passengers to ride on Space Shuttle missions.

The implication that the agency is accepting reservations for \$500 has been made in recent articles about NASA's program to carry small experimental payloads on the Space Shuttle on a space-available basis. These payloads are limited to sizes up to 0.14 cubic meters and weights up to 91 kilograms, and \$500 earnest money is required to reserve space for a payload.

NASA has no plans to offer seats on Shuttle flights to paying passengers.

Damn could have sworn
I saw a ticket booth around here, somewhere!

Hinners sees manned lunar base in 1990s as a goal NASA needs for the next decade

Dr. Noel Hinners, Director of the National Air and Space Museum and former Associate Administrator for Sciences of NASA, spoke at a symposium in the Senate Caucus Room, "Next Steps for Mankind—The Future in Space," held July 19. The following are excerpts from his speech.

We're in a period of real transition in the space program, going from a period of high-focus event orientation to one of steadier activity throughout the 1980's.

It is in the next five years that the course for 1985 to 1990 will be firmly established. That course can be one of "let's study it" ultraconservatism, leading to relative stagnation and a limited choice for the 1990's; or it can be one which takes a bold and imaginative approach with commitments which allow the country to make the 1980's a decade of development.

The knowledge acquired about the Moon through Apollo and its precursors is indeed formidable. As in all science endeavors, however, the research and exploration generate more questions than they answer. The new questions are more sophisticated and many could not have been posed before.

Based upon the demonstrated value of astronauts conducting Apollo science tasks, I believe most such investigations are ideally conducted from a manned lunar base. Science will not be the total raison d'être for establishing a lunar base, but it most certainly will be the chief

beneficiary in the near-term and it can lead the way in establishing requirements.

To aim for the first phase of lunar base activity, months in duration per mission in the early 1990's, strikes me as reasonable, probably building up in a modular fashion. Lunar bases will be a reasonable step in the progression of sustaining life away from planet Earth. It requires that the 1980's see additional steps in development of space transportation, some version of a reusable orbital tug, and research into regenerative life support systems. Many of these developments are analogous to those required for space stations.

I am guessing that it will take another three years after the Shuttle becomes operational for the user community of scientists, engineers—including industry—Government, and academia, to adequately evolve their thinking and equipment to take full advantage of the Shuttle and the Spacelab.

High priority should be assigned to experiments which require the use of rudimentary space construction techniques. The development of space construction techniques is crucial to any consideration for major projects such as space platforms or solar power satellites.

The temptation will be to modify existing hardware. The implications of yielding to that temptation should be examined very carefully. There's a point at which it truly pays to start from scratch. Changing the sparkplugs of your car testifies to that these days.

President Carter, in his July 15 energy address to the Nation, decried the general crisis of confidence, including the erosion of confidence in the future. He pointed out that we ourselves are the same Americans who just 10 years ago put a man on the Moon.

It's clear to me that the U.S. civil space program has provided one of the key elements for the future of our country. It's an

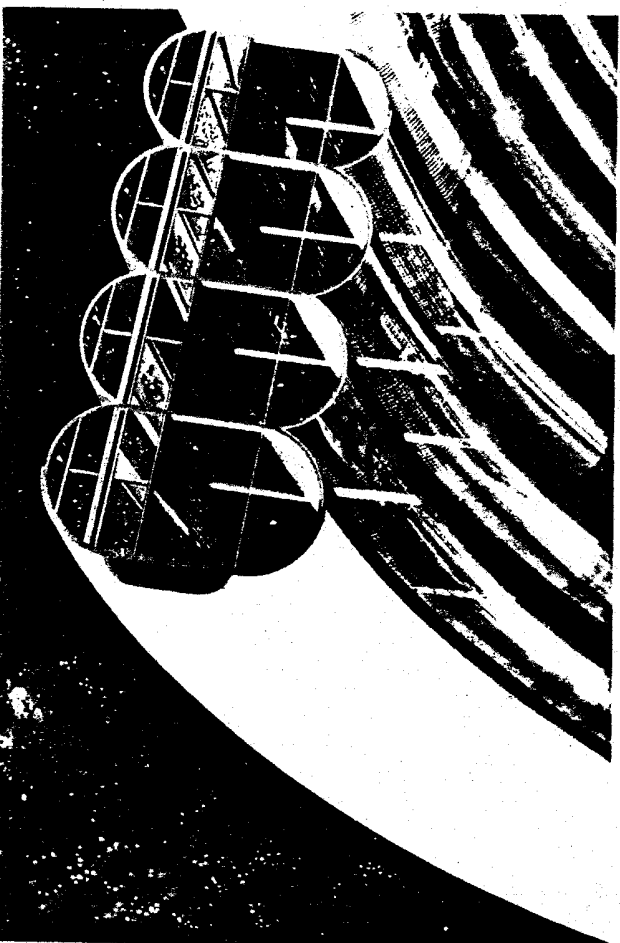
indicator of the great capability of American technology, of the inventiveness of her scientists, of the exploring spirit of her people, and of the openness of her society.

Professor Carl Sagan's speech at the Senate symposium will be featured in the next issue of Roundup.

"It may be that the old astrologers had the truth exactly reversed when they believed that the stars controlled the destinies

of men. The time may come when men control the destinies of stars."

Arthur C. Clarke



Ames theme art of an agriculture base in orbit

The Mars Project

Mars. Rotating in its orbit untouched for billions of years. From the direction of the sun come 10 spacecraft which descend and retrofire into orbit around the planet. Spaceboats carry crewmembers from passenger to cargo ships, and the Earthmen prepare to land.

Wernher von Braun published *The Mars Project* in 1953, a plan for a flotilla of 10 vessels to make a 969-day mission to Mars. He covered thermal protection and aerodynamics for Earth and Mars entry and wrote out equations for every step from spaceship design to orbit of departure.

Three Space Shuttle Orbiter-like vehicles (one on skis) would land on the planet, bringing a 70-member crew down for a year's stay.

Von Braun envisioned a vertical launch from Earth with three-stage rockets carrying the interplanetary vessels. (Cost is not covered in the paper.) The first two stages would jettison residual propellants and make chute landings in the ocean.

The third stage, a winged ship, puts the payloads into orbit, then returns to Earth "gradually assuming the characteristics of a conventional aerodyne which approaches Earth in an extended decelerated glide."

"The skin attains a maximum temperature of 1,005 degrees K. It would seem just within acceptable limits for scale-resistant steel alloys of good tensile strength."



"Warping of the fuselage and distortion of wing contours could be prevented by application of a shingle-like skin structure."

All three stages would be reusable.

The 10 vessels, in position above Earth, would be ready to maneuver into an "orbit of departure" which von Braun describes as "a free coast through an escape hyperbola" using Earth momentum to put the ships into "a circum-solar ellipse with an aphelion a few thousand kilometers from Mars."

Applying Kepler's laws, von Braun puts the length of passage at 260 days.

When they reach the planet, the ships would be allowed to fall toward Mars to the desired altitude, then decelerate with "a rocket counterblast" putting them into orbit. Crewmembers on the seven passenger vessels would then ride on "spaceboats" to the three cargo ships which contain the landing boats.

"It would be best for the first ship to



land on a snow-covered polar area on skis or runners," von Braun states. The first crew would then proceed in ground vehicles to the equator and prepare landing strips in the rocky terrain for the other two winged ships.

Skin heating is not as big a problem in the Martian atmosphere, von Braun says. He does not go into details of what the crew will do during its year's stay. Presumably they would explore and begin construction of a domed settlement.

But he does allow room on the return trip for "Martian objects collected"—using the space where burned fuel was stored. And he mentions that "the crew

will have the opportunity to see Earth transit across the face of the sun on the 73rd day of the return trip."

The publication includes tables, charts, and diagrams that explain departure maneuvers, "astronomic and physical data," skin temperature rises, and even tonnage required for food, fuel, oxygen, and water.

There is a kind of disclaimer in the introduction: "The study applies exclusively to the mechanical problems," it says. "The very nature of such limited work on such a broad subject precludes its being anything but a relatively rough outline."

But, it's certainly an idea to build on.

Machine Shop in Building 10 grinds out Orbiter panels & parts

Photography by Terry Slezak

It could be Cleveland. The roar of aluminum welding machinery, inert gases flaming from equipment in the hands of a hooded figure. Manufacturing. It could be Detroit. But instead of auto parts, these workers are constructing blood sampling kits to be carried on Spacelab, or panels that will go in the simulators in Building Five. And the workers are all Civil Service employees working for NASA.

The Building 10 Machine and Sheet Metal Shop opened with the space center, and employees immediately went to work building flight hardware for Gemini. They constructed Apollo lunar hand tools and hardware for all the manned spaceflight missions.

Today their task is parts for mockup and training equipment, and 25% of their work is in construction of Orbiter parts.

Hey Tullio

Want to move to Houston?





- BEING MARTY FRANZ'S APAZINE FOR APA-TECH #7 -

Hello everyone. It's the Monday before Whatcon, time to write up the apa. You know, I've only been to three or four 'cons in my life, but already a pattern is developing: all work stops the week before one of these things. I find myself looking for a Big System somewhere so I can kill time waiting for the PA2 key to signal or something. Very disturbing. Hope Whatcon is fun. ~~and not like Marcon~~

Hopefully, some of you went to the film premier at Marcon. It was early, 10 am Saturday morning. The first film, The Day Time Ended -- let me put this delicately -- was five. Really bit the big one. It had Jim Davis, stern-but-loving patriarch of the Ewings in TV's Dallas cast as the stern-but-loving patriarch of a family living Out West in what appeared to be a giant Big Mac wrapper. On one particularly bad night, perhaps caused by over-flouridating the Pecos, fell beasties and all manner of horrible low-bid special effects terrorize these poor people. Something about a "space time warp". As our hero put it, "the vortex got 'em". It even had magic pyramids in it.

Luckily, the second film, Forbidden Zone, was much better. This was a working copy of an eventual release, so it dragged a lot, but when it was funny it was very funny. Like a huge conga line doing a production number called "La Brea Tar Pits" ("where no-one's dreams come true") and what has to be the funniest ABC's song ever written. It had Herve what's-his-name from Fantasy Island (can't spell "Villechaize for some reason) in it, too. Should be a favorite, but I don't know when it's going to come out.

Speaking of good fun, I started reading The Third World War a few evenings ago. You've probably seen it sitting on the

bestseller lists for a while. Actually, it's a pretty good "reference" if you're into wargames. SPI makes at least two, "Mechwar '77" and "Red Star/White Star", that deal with the book's subject area, a land war in Western Europe.

If you're not into wargames ("conflict simulation" or "playing army", depending on your view of it) the book is also worth reading because of it's description of satellite warfare in 1985. It goes into often painful detail about the ECM (electronic counter measures) equipment and techniques in use at the time, including a harrowing account of how the Russians blind (literally) our shuttle prior to their offensive in Europe. A book worth borrowing but not buying, I think.

Moving on to other things, I've gone and formed my software company, at least on paper. After numerous ~~unappreciated~~ suggestions ("Food, Gas, and Lodging Software! Close Cover Before Striking Software! Really Loathsome and Disgusting Software! ..."), few of which fit on a business card, the name "Jurassic Software" was selected. Anyone who pipes up with "Up Jurassic" for a company motto stops one, I might add. Since the Jurassic Period was 170 million years ago, when dinosaurs ruled the earth, it dovetails nicely with my current feelings towards my employer.



With that, let me move on to the mc's:

GREG Liked the cover. And I have seen Robot Monster. As they say, stunningly bad SF cinema. The Ro-man himself gives you an idea: picture a guy in a gorilla suit, wearing a Diver Dan helmet topped with rabbit-ear antennae. Huh? Plot summary: ro-man (as opposed to hu-man, silly) arrives on Earth, where population has been mysteriously offed except for the Good Professor and his family: docile wife, snotty little girl, buxom-but-dumb big girl, and Obnoxious Little Boy (OLB). Ro-man has to purge them, too (called, I wonder, ro-man cleanser?) before other ro-men can come and take over. He finally corners the OLB, who wakes up 'cos it's only a dream. The End.



KIP Neat WP package for your 'zine. Showed Selectric
 idea to former OP salesman in my office, who howled.
Then, he scratched his head and finished his banana...

HIGGINS Repeat, to settle the endless which-Thunderbird-was-
 which debate, you should put sketches into next 'zine.
My theory was that International Rescue was part of UN: I seem to
remember seeing a strange rune of some kind in one of their giant
hangers. And, it always seemed implausible to me that a private
family would finance those expensive (but spectacular) rescues.

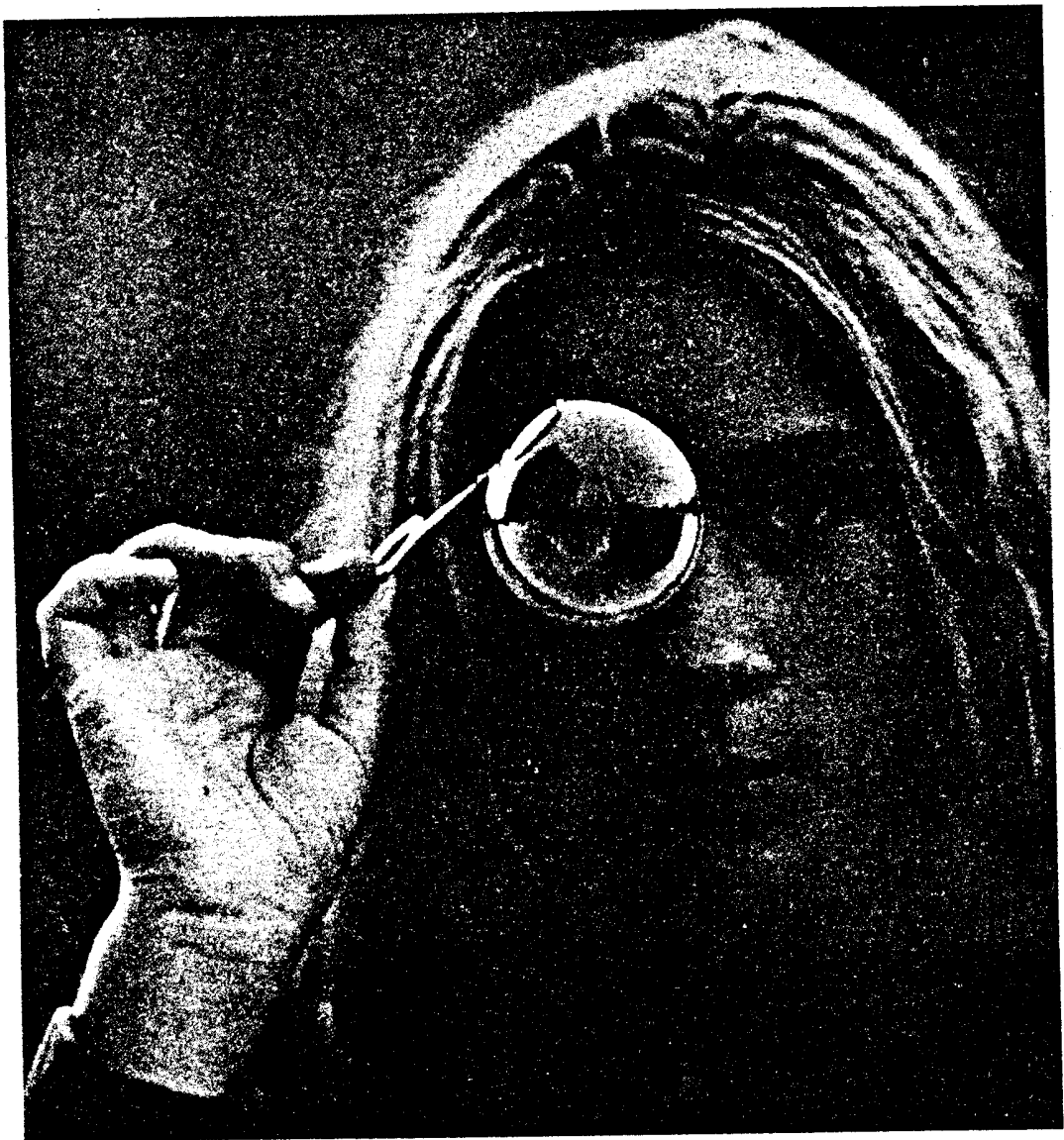
DOUG I sort of agree with your analysis of fans and marriage.
 I say "sort of" because I have friends who've gotten
married for some very childish reasons of their own. And being
single is a responsibility in its own right: you are accountable
for your life, career, everything. I know from working in
mundania that being married is a lot more comfortable role to
play, too. It seems to excuse a multitude of sins, shall we say.

BENTLEY You were speaking of A FORTRAN Coloring Book. When I
 lived Out East, I worked on a FORTRAN compiler for
the IBM 8100. When I joined the project, They gave me that book,
wrapped in a plain brown cover, solemnly stating it was a
confidential design spec for the compiler. I got back to my
office and looked. And looked. Geese with vests and glasses.
Bears. Chests of drawers illustrating matrices. I was horrified.
And they use it in classes at MIT! Hope yours works out better.

Well, once again, that's all for now. See, I did write
more this time. Hopefully, I'll see you at Whatcon. If not,
then next apa.

Later,

Mark



Dr. Gonzo's Elastic Eclectica
(c) copyright 1980 by Valli M. Hoski

These illustrious ponderings are for the period designated as
April/May 1980

Being ramblings, rovings, mutterings, and other nonsensical observations on the state of statis by the persona known to sometimes occupy 621 Hull Terrace, # 1W, Evanston, Ill. 60202, or otherwise wherever you may find me.

Bad Dreams of The Right Stuff

or, a Book Review Cleverly Disguised as a Monologue

It is late and the hour for drinking, driving fast cars and other such macho perversities is drawing to a close.....exactly why I am concerning myself with such macho perversities is unclear, except that Tom Wolfe's statement of the Big Three Thrills (**drinking, driving fast cars and sex**) in the 1950's lives of the military test pilots comes to mind. The mystique carefully and meticulously built around the lives/family/personalities of the early astronauts....I was so unaware of it as a young prepubescent....dreaming of those souls that sat at the threshold of the stars. Sigh, naivete and hero worship does have its advantages, before cynicism and pragmatism take their toll. The realization that Wolfe made me aware of, that the original Seven were drinking, occasionally incoherent and foolish souls like the rest of us, shook my precious childhood memories of those incredibly proud days when rockets shook the sky. Watching the countdown slowly tick away, the final T minus sound rendered to incomprehensible static by the roar of the Redstone (later Saturn) rockets through the tiny 3" speaker in the TV set, Uncle Walter epitomizing it in **hot diggity dog!** Sigh, we all believed so badly then, we all wanted to believe so badly then, we all needed to believe so badly then. And when the ghods returned from the sky, they sat and drank and drove fast cars and engaged in base, carnal acts just like the rest of humanity....no wonder the Overseers of NASA deemed it judicious that legends must be perpetuated across the land. And we all love heroes, especially those heroes which are given a special effort to appear totally trustworthy and worshippable to the multitudes. Who can say if Chuck Yeager was not a more honest example of American pie in the sky than John Glenn running about his Houston suburbia driveway in double-knit polyester permapress smiles?

Tom Wolfe's **The Right Stuff** tells the untold story of the early astronauts, beginning with their brilliant (or incredibly lucky) flights as army test pilots. The fact that the original Seven managed to survive aeronautical test pilot days, even without their aeronautical feats, makes them statistical anomalies. Wolfe takes great pains with describing the intimate details of the men and their families, their mental state (euphoria and anguish have a minute drawing line). Anecdotes and previously unknown details of the personalities involved will have to await your reading of the book. Wolfe brilliantly demolishes the hidden dreams and reverence that some of us held out for the first space voyagers, but somehow the feeling that we will rise into the sky again still lingers on (perhaps in vain), but Wolfe never casts doubt on the fact that we did actually walk on the moon. He is simply giving us the hard facts behind indeed making it to the moon, finding it to be made of hard rock, and not some bland pie in the sky conjured up by NASA and the folks at Life magazine.

But I want to see some people in the clouds again!! Give me Ma and Pa Mediocre in Skylab just as long as there are still some folks living in the sky....

The star troops are home, grounded (at least for now), and released from active duty....and we all sit round inside at night, trying not to look at the night sky, our souls crying in gravity's manacles, the intuitive pull of the celestial bodies beckoning irresistably in our dreams.

Dr. Gonzo's Elastic Eclectica

(2)

We sit and nod into our beer....trying not to tell, afraid that the stars of memory may lost their brilliance in the once-to-many re-telling, and the shine be lost forever for us.

Sigh, L5 next year.....

If this is Easter and this is Minneapolis, then this must be:

Minicon!!

We find our foolhardy, er, intrepid band of travelers traversing that long and arduous trail known as **The Road to Minicon**. Senses ever alert for that strange breed of animal known as the Smokey, which seems to proliferate in great numbers along the stretch of interstate highway between Madison and Minneapolis, let us join Andy, Valli and Dan in their scintillating conversation: Andy: ~~drive-drive-drive-drive~~

Valli: Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z

Dan: Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z

Hm, lets try a little later.

Hm, exploration time, lets see who's here....almost everyone who is anyone it seems. Round couch in con suite seems to be the self-declared home of most of the Chicago/Moebius fen. Some filk-singing here and then but where are the magical events that should befall me as this is the **Minicon**? Hm, search on, search on. Ah, some notorious fen at last, here is part of the Houghton GT dynasty....hello sir, how are you? Fine looking mace you have there if I say so myself....have you happened to have seen the rest of this con hanging around somewhere else by some chance? Well, 'tis late and I guess I will just try and find it tomorrow.

New day, bright and early, for the afternoon. Off to a suitably fannish shopping spree for **velour** as our GT custom designer is unusually busy this season and has experienced an unforeseen delay in releasing the latest in GT velour wear. Over the skyway and through the mall to Dayton's emporium we go.....and find some **velour** and **on sale** no less!! Indeed the ghods are with us!! Over the skyway and through the hotel to Rene's we go.... GT business meeting has of course, business, but we won't worry about that, no. There is **every-one** to hug and see and gosh-wow at.....and it is even **better** at the **GT Velour Party!!**

From all appearances, it seems that GT has finally decided to lay to rest that despicable rumor that **GT has no** — or at least do a decent job of convincing everyone.....The static electricity charge build-up in the room from the hugging and rubbing and cuddling is building to a critical atmosphere when suddenly, numerous souls decide **ahem** it is time to go to the Art Show.

It is indeed Art Show time, dinner time and back to the con time. Dinner was an ever-increasing fannish affair, beginning with a few GT souls and Findlay, Ohio's own Roger Reynolds, and soon a burgeoning situation with fen replacing the locals as the major clientele of the establishment. But the food promised to be interesting, at least. Back at the con, we once again find the Chicago crowd establishing itself in residence on the round couch in the con suite. Various and sundry fanac follow, the main theme of which seems to be **back-rubbing** of course. Little later that night, there is the **slow dancing to the fast music** which is vastly enjoyed by the participants. But let us soundly deny that **no GT member is/has/ever will be a disco queen!!**(But we do enjoy an occasional two or four step....)

On, on in pursuit of that Minicon....it is 5:00 AM and the con suite and a rumor of breakfast is circulating. Another local establishment finds itself suddenly enamoured of fen, and is serving them eggs and ham at the Resurrection Hour, while a few hum the **Hallelujah Chorus** under breath....never knew fen were religious, eh? Enough is enough is enough....home to con, con to bed, bed to car, car to sleep. The conversation back over the same Wisconsin hills is

Dr. Gonzo's Elastic Eclectica

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suspiciously similiar to Friday's scintillating saga.... Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z Back in Chi-town, it is re-hash the con time at Phil Fogio's with half-coherent and half-decadent fen, then home to bed, and dream of hugs which were left in Minneapolis.....

Fandanity

or, Fandom and Life in the Big City

Will George Dyson ever fly his canoe in a Dyson sphere?

Can Freeman Dyson play the **Zero-Gee Polka** on his violin?

Will the fickle Ides of May blow Marcon away?

Will Brown Fur and Watchmakers infiltrate and redesign the Whatcon con com?

For answers to these and other thrilling questions, follow your eyetracks back to this page next ish, same apa, same zine....

Whys and wherefore-art-thou-Apa-Tech? to Rene for it is now **two weeks (and counting)** after the Minicon deadline and no Apa-Tech finds its way into my lonely mailbox....

Hugs and thanks go to Dick Smith for his resources, energies and effort in helping with this zine, and to Datalogics, which is the fasted-fen-infiltrated-company-in-the-Midwest.

The Jupiter Effect

and other tales

typed by Kevin Dunn
714 Suburban Apartments
DeKalb, IL 60115
1-815-756-6735
(who also wrote this turkey)

WARNING
Reading this zine may
be hazardous to your
health. All typos are
clearly not my fault.

The hard part is over, I hate to have to think up names for zines. The recent eruption of Mount St. Helens and the series of earthquakes in California brought to mind the one I'm using this month. I plan to mention more about it after I formally introduce myself.

ARMY				CARD NO. 11-73	
U.S. GOVERNMENT MOTOR VEHICLE OPERATOR IDENTIFICATION CARD				DATE ISSUED 3 May 73	
NAME OF OPERATOR Dunn Kevin C				DATE EXPIRES 3 May 76	
SEX M.	BIRTH DATE 25 May 58	COLOR OF HAIR BRN	COLOR OF EYES Blue	HEIGHT 5'5"	WEIGHT 120
BIRTHPLACE Rantoul Ill.		SOCIAL SECURITY NO. 523-80-9506			
The holder of this card is qualified to operate U.S. Government vehicles and/or equipment specified, subject to the restrictions set forth on the reverse of this card.					
SIGNATURE OF ISSUING OFFICIAL William R Chewning			TITLE CPT FA		
NAME AND LOCATION OF ISSUING UNIT HHB 3/17 th Arty APO 09093					
NOT TRANSFERABLE Card must be carried at all times when operating Government vehicles.		SIGNATURE OF OPERATOR (Not valid until signed) <i>Kevin C Dunn</i>			
Standard Form 46 (December 1963) USCBC-FPM Chap. 980 46-104-02					

This id card gives the vital statistics. A few words in addition. I'm no longer in the Army. In the years since I've been to school, recieving a BA in political science from Colorado State University, and a semester of graduate work there. Currently I'm a grad student at Northern

Illinois University. When I'm not studying I work in the Graduate School Office as a gopher and word processor and all around nice guy doing work on a convention in Chicago for the Society of Research Administrators. I got the job by accident. I'd recieved an assistendship but the money didn't show up. This was the first opening the school had.

Into the real world of fandom. I started reading SF when I was very young. As a matter of fact I can't remember when I wasn't reading it. Unfortunately I never discovered fandom. I grew up, played wargames, joined the Army, went to Europe and came home. Then one fine day I saw, hiding in the school paper, ads for two SF clubs. As a result I met Gordon Garb and Mike Sestak and Kip Williams (not to mention a whole lot of other people) I've never looked back.

Why did I join this apa? Well, because Renee asked me if I'd be interested. And because I feel the need to get more in touch with Midwestern fandom.

I also already knew several members of the apa. I hope to get to know everyone else.

To start with I'm going to review a few books, some old and some new.

I think everyone has read (or at least seen the movie) Wizard of Oz. What many people don't know is that L. Frank Baum wrote a number of other childrens stories. Dover Press reprinted several of them a few years ago. I found three of them on a remainder table in the school bookstore. John Dough and the Cherub is the story of John Dough a gingerbread man in the tradition of the Scarecrow. He was created by a French chef who accidentally used the Elixar of Life instead of water in the dough. John is fleeing the owner of the Elixar who wants to eat him in order to gain some benefit from the Elixar. Queen Zixi of Xi is a longish fable about a magic cloak and an accidental king. The queen of the fairies decides to make a cloak that will grant the wearer on wish. It will work for anyone who recieves the cloak as a gift. The king is a beggers son who is the 47th person to walk though the city gate after the old king died. The point of the story is really what should you wish for. The Magical Monarch of Mo is the best of the bunch. According to the introduction it was written and published at the same time as the Wizard of Oz, which became by far the most popular of the pair. The characters and scenes could be in Oz. I enjoyed reading about more strange characters. All three were fun to read, and why else would a person buy a book.

The Patchwork Girl by Larry Niven is Ace's newest (as I write) novellete posing as a trade novel. I was very dissapointed. It stars Gil (the Arm) Hamilton as the ARM delegate to the Lunar Law Conference. Interwoven is a locked room murder. The solution was interesting, but the rest of the story was weak. I'd reccommend waiting until the mass market edition comes out.

Philip Jose Farmer has finally finished the Riverworld series in The Magic Labyrinth. I felt the story line was weak, as Farmer tried to tie all the loose ends together in as few words as possible. It was fun seeing what he'd been aiming for in the earlier stories, but not as good as it could have been.

In order to understand a writer's stories you often have to know something about his personal life. The easiest way is to read an autobiography such as the two volume set In Memory Yet Green and In Joy Still Felt. As a matter of fact I think you will OD on Asimov if you try both in a row. He gives incredible detail about his younger life, but the older he gets, the less he has to say. You wold probably learn as much about him as you'd ever

want to know by reading his comments in Fantasy and Science Fiction.

Gordon has probably already mentioned *The Probability Broach* by L. Neil Smith. The author is a leading libertarian in Colorado. The story concerns a cop from our future accidentally ending up in a parallel world where libertarian ideals have been operationalized. He does a very good job of working the philosophy into the storyline instead of breaking up the story with speeches and tirades. For those of us from Colorado it has some added touches. Who would imagine the first inter dimension contact in Al's Newsstand in Fort Collins.

Another story with a philosophical base is *Still Forms on Foxfield* by Joan Slonczewski. In the last days before a nuclear war on Earth, a group of Friends (Quakers to us pagans) flees to the planet Foxfield. Many years later (a generation or two) an Earth ship catches up with them. The ending is sort of a copout, but the story is a very good study of cultures in conflict.

Of late there have been two good collections of new short fiction, the latest issue of *Destinies* (number 7) and *Stellar* #5. *Destinies* tends to run a lot of articles and this issue was no exception. The *Stellar* volume includes stories by James Hogan, Lee Killough, Philip Dick, L. Neil Smith, Charles Sheffield and Marion Zimmer Bradley. A good read.

The *Jupiter Effect* is a result of the upcoming conjunction of all nine planets in the year 1982. The authors show a great deal of evidence of the impact of tidal effects on both the sunspot cycle and the frequency of earthquakes on this

MOSCOW (AP) --- Soviet space stations have been systematically monitoring "all the stars of the Galaxy" and that nothing has been heard from outer space, Vesevolod Troitsky wrote in the weekly "Za Rubezhom."

planet. There are two sections of the San Andreas fault which are overdue for major quakes, the area near San Francisco and Los Angeles. The authors predict a major quake in one of these regions sometime in the next few years.

I'd first read the book when it came out in 1974 and the eruption of Mount St. Helens brought it back to mind. When it first came out it was very controversial, but much of their work has been confirmed in the last couple of years.

The book doesn't claim that the tidal forces are powerful enough to directly cause an earth movement. Instead they act as a trigger mechanism in an as yet unidentified process on areas that are already primed for an event. Both of the areas they identify as prime targets have been active in the past with quakes occurring in a regular pattern. The frequency of past quakes indicates that both regions are 10 to 20 years overdue.

It goes without saying that if a major quake on the order of the San Francisco quake of 1906 was to occur today it would be a major disaster. Government studies show several thousand deaths as a minimum result. Unfortunately only time can show if this book is accurate. (Actually it must be right, Isaac Asimov wrote the introduction.)

So much for rambling on, time to stick foot firmly into mouth and do Mailing Comments.

The Quintessential Singularity- Spacecraft Controller. Nice title, even if the job sounds just a little on the dull side. I liked the cover you did for the last issue. I don't know if you'll be able to find a copy, but Adrian Desmond has a new book out titled The Ape's Reflection on the subject of intelligence in apes. Besides looking at the evidence he looks at the philosophical impact that might occur if it was proven.

See Me. Feel Me- There's nothing like fanzines anywhere. In most parts of the world anyone who wrote something this strange and tried to circulate it would be in jail.

Yesterday's Tomorrow's Today- The only real problem with an electronic APA I can see would be the price, at least for the near future. Maybe in a few years when the various minni' are comparable and cheaper.

KWIP#1- Hi Kip. Amazing, four people from the now defunct Anti-Martian Society in one APA. What a small world.

Transporter Topics- I like your robots. (I bet everybody says that) I hope everyone in the apa has made their donation to the Viking Fund.

Young and Abroad- So you finally broke down and did it. You're becoming very middle class in your old age Mike. Material possessions cluttering up your life. Return to purity, send all your wealth to a worth cause, see address at the top of page one.

Radio Stunt Man- I suspect that the method of colonizing a planet would depend primarily on how much money and how many people were involved. To colonize a planet using your method would require huge amounts of money and thousands, if not hundreds of thousands of people. It would require a government to carry it out.

If a small group of people wanted to start their own colony they would be forced to make an agarian one. And in doing so they would almost have to rely on native materials. It would cost a lot to ship items from somewhere else. Over time, they would become more advanced. Maybe. Remember there have been a number of societies that haven't changed for thousands of years.

Now for a quick lesson in development. Preindustrial societies weren't all that unequal. Nobody had anything. I've seen figures which indicated that the ratio of wealth between the richest and the poorest people was about 5:1. It wasn't until the industrial revolution that it became possible for there to be such huge disparities in wealth. And it wasn't until the industrial revolution that mass media made it possible to use this difference to inspire violence. If the King is rich, but nobody knows it, who is going to complain. It's when the peasant watches Charlie's Angels on the tube and then looks at his own condition that you get action.

As to the masses rising up, that never happens. In times of hardship the peasants may rebel because they are starving, but in good times they don't. All three of the revolutions you mention the leaders of the revolt were middle or upper class people who didn't have political power under the existing system and violence was the only way they could get it. This occurred because the industrial revolution produced wealth for people who never would have had any.

Studies indicate that in the American Revolution about 10% of the people actively fought against the Crown, 10% fought for the Crown and the rest didn't care. That's not much of a mass uprising. If you look at the literature of the time, the leaders started out demanding their rights as Englishmen. Independence was a much later goal, and came about only after they realized that the Crown thought of them more as non-Englishmen, more like Indian subjects, than as Englishmen.

The Revolution was won more by good fortune than anything else. Most people don't realize that at the same time as the Revolution the British were fighting a world-wide war and they were much more interested in India than they were in a bunch of farmers in the wilderness.

Smith's Corona- As hard as it may be to believe I've been having some trouble with UPS. I'm almost never home during the day so the delivery person started to leave my packages with the neighbors, which I don't mind, but he wasn't leaving a note on my door to tell me where to find them. Then one day when I happened to be home, class was cancelled, he didn't bother to knock. He just left one on the steps. I was lucky to find it before it walked away. They tell me it won't happen again, but it's terrible to be so disillusioned.

Dr. Gonzo's Epicyclic Effluvia- Interesting con reports.

ETAOIN CORFLU- Two new Niven Known space books out since your last zine. Before you try Ringworld Engineers you might reread the earlier stuff. It

will let you figure out what's going on much earlier in the story.

Eye Tracks- As an outsider I have to ask, what does Captain Keller mean?

Tales From the Charmed Sea- I think I'm putting another name and face together. That is if you were also in charge of theHuckster Room at WhatCon. Speaking of which, it was a nice con. Not much going on programing wise, but lots of people to sit around an talk to.

The Right to Carry Lasers- Somebody told me the reason Minicon banned weapons was the presence of the police, who from personal experience I can tell you are uptight about anything that looks like a weapon. I was a little surprized at the number of police arounf the hotel. When I walked over to MacDonald's for dinner I saw 9 cops and two private guards.

The Bunny's Mubetan- All the big oil companies are trying very hard to diversify out of the oil business. The people may believe that we're not running out of oil, but the people running the oil companies know that they may be out of a job in the near future if they don't start preparing now. The management jobs are about the same whether the product is oil, or coal, or hamburgers.

It seems that a number of people didn't make it into this issue. Hello to all of them. Now I have all this white space to fill.

Unfortionately, I'm out of time. Use this space for doodling.
Till next time.

Kevin

Last

"Another one? Jeez, that guy never gives up, does he?" Well, they laughed when I sat down at the piano, too, but they were crying by the time I stood up. (You wouldn't think **bumble-boogie** would affect them that way.) So, once again, I take pens in hand—one at a time, naturally—and try yet another time to communicate.

Doing the second zine is often more of a challenge than the first. The mailing arrives, looking much like any other in its envelope, but on taking it upstairs to the egoscan room one finds that the only references to oneself are made by oneself and the OE (or GTB). Not that there is any reason for it to be otherwise, but it drives home the fact that, unless I want to skip a month, I won't find out how my scratchings are being received until I've done two whole months worth. (Sorry... I meant hexa-weeks...)

Since I didn't do much last time to explain myself, here are some

BIOGRAPHICAL DATA

I was born at one minute until midnight on December 15, 1956, in Santa Ana, California. Southern California is one of the world's nut capitals; and Orange County, I've heard, contains the real hostile ones. Karl Hess once said the Jewish state should be relocated somewhere like Texas or Orange County. Those areas aren't used for much now. Incidentally, over half my relatives live in Texas. We're a bunch of WASPs, Scotch-Irish/English-Welsh.

By 1959, my folks were disgusted with the cancerous growth of Santa Ana and we moved to Fort Collins, Colorado, where I've lived ever since except for one month I lived in Estes Park. In 1977, the folks observed that Fort Collins was turning into another Santa Ana, and they went to Texas. After a horrid transition period of several moves (including a fascinating run-down hotel that is now offices) I ended up at Ill Manor where I will presumably live until the owner

makes his investment back in rent and tears it down for more offices. This town has office fever. All the stores are being relocated into shopping ~~camp~~ centers, thus forcing in-town bicyclists (such as myself) to eventually get a car or move, neither of which I've done yet.

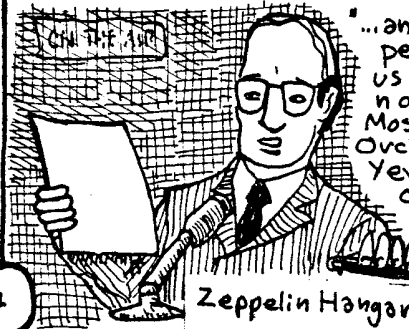
I was educated in an easy-going liberal school system that let me skip first grade because I already knew how to read. I never went for high grades, and after I graduated from high school I drifted from job to job, becoming steadily employed only after I'd been "out in the world" for a while.

Between last writing and this (the "break" is on line 14) I started to apply at CSU for a degree in computer science. Things being what they are, I first have to enroll, then try for financial aid. The first classes I can take will be in Spring of 81. Before that, I understand I can take "summer only" classes and maybe some in the Fall. Then I enter with a major in Physics so I can change it to computer science once I am in. Some fun, and soooo simple.

Any questions? Besides "who cares?", that is...

ANECDOTE This fella on the radio is introducing a concerto by Pergolesi. He says: "/tis in four movements." (pause) "Slow, fast, slow." (pause) "...fast." (pause) "That's five."

"Okay, okay, don't all slap your knees at once. It really happened a few minutes ago, so I thought it was humorous.



"...and it was performed for us this afternoon by the Moscow Radio Orchestra & Chorus, Yevgeny Svetlov conducting. Now this word from our friends at the Zeppelin Hangar Head Shop..."

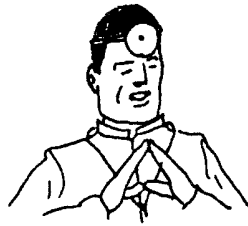
CULCHAH

There've been one or two cultural events around here. The first was "ARTCO Presents: It's Our Community", a multi-media art show of local artists (including me) and local musicians (also including me). I had a swell day of it, from setting up in the morning to lounging around near my display, trying to catch some encouraging words. I played the piano, alone and in a couple of duets. I was amazed to find that a person I'd always thought of as no more than a footloose eccentric was a remarkably talented artist. The end of the event (which I missed, having ducked out to continue in the festivities of Yucca con III) was marred by forces of a play in the building entering and forcibly stopping the Mnemonist Orchestra from performing. The place is supposed to be soundproof, but it's not. Even though I have been in plays there which were undermined by bands in the other room, I feel that:

- 1) The ARTCO event was scheduled far in advance, and should have been given precedence over the Foothills Civic Theatre.
- 2) If the Lincoln Center had let the Mnemonists in early enough to set up, they'd have been done playing before eight. They had a lot of equipment to put up.

Meanwhile, Open Stage, the town's most professional and creative theater company, has been barred from further performance and rehearsal in the stage they so laboriously restored to utility. It seems a zealous fire inspector determined that the old Opera House didn't have enough exits.

Also, Cathy and I went to see Ossie Davis and Ruby Dee in an evening of poems and folk tales. Both were excellent, but Ossie was better. Ms. Dee's delivery was sometimes annoying.

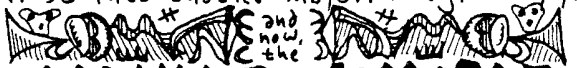


"YOUR HEADACHES ARE THE RESULT OF TOO MUCH THINKING. DON'T THINK SO MUCH."

BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE...

I've been doing this zine so far at odd moments: Some I've done at work on breaks & at lunch; one bit of it was done at the doctor's office (back on the first page-). Finally, I'm doing some of it in the tranquil environment of Homesweet Home.

Also, since the last mention of my upcoming education and how I've found that my GPA in High School was not so awful as I'd thought. Now my expert advice says I can get right into the competitive Computer Science department, thus eliminating the business of going first into another major. Imagine my joy!



MAILING COMMENTS

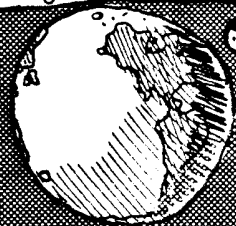
COVER Say, this is nice! ("This is nice!") More on this later.

\$\$\$ TIME My accounts indicate that it must cost \$.07/pg. for xeroxing. That's twice what it costs here. Was that only due to the "lost-minute" nature of events last month? I may not be able to afford this.

Thanks for kind words, chair. You're a pal. I hate to ask, but was #6 bound by the new stapler?

I've re-figured the cost of repro adjusting for one buck to go to the stapler fund. It still figures to around \$.064/pg. Yow.

GOSH DARN IT!
OUT OF GAS!



Gregory

Yessir, Western Union... bee b'dee b'dee, bee b'dee b'dee, as the old hit went. Congratulations on your new job, even if it is babysitting. Keep it up. ((either the good work or the satellite))

I definitely like Weinbaum's short stories. I think he must have been about the best writer of short SF for a while. His novels... I don't know. I read The New Adam. It was like something good seemed about to happen for a long while, then it got bitter and ended in a way that left me a bit put out. Since then I've tried to start The Black Flame, but I can't get into it. It's some kind of fantasy, I guess, and the cover is a purposeful rip-off of Jeff Jones' cover from the other book. Maybe the cover succeeded too well in looking like The New Adam.

Much of my favorite science fiction is in a swell book called Adventures in Time and Space (I'm going to dispense with underlining titles). Like Groff Cook's anthologies, it's a good one to take on a long bus trip. It includes some of Lewis Padgett's swell Donovan stories (starting with "The Proud Robot"). The edition I have came out in paperback in 1975 or so, but the book was put together about thirty years before then by one of the magazines, and their picks of what the best stories & novels (short novels) up to then were were ones that often made it into some other collections like the Science Fiction Hall of Fame, as well as stories I haven't seen elsewhere but that were also quite good.

Your pithy review of King Dinosaur reminds me of Greg Chaffin's review of A Fire in the Sky in which Phoenix is hit by a meteor. They spot it gazillions of miles away (technically speaking) and right away they know where it'll hit. Speaking of the meteor itself, he said it was so stupid looking "that at any minute I expected it to start singing 'By the time I get to Phoenix'". All the Extraterrestrials I know say they would have to be "real goofers" to "go around blowing up stars." So there, Arthur C. Clarke...

Not much I can say on the cover & such, save that I like it, and would enjoy more of the same.

Speaking of having the hero sweat a little. I've been creeping through the Nero Wolfe books by Rex Stout. I just finished reading In The Best Families. Wolfe sweats in this one, brings a plot that Stout started setting up to its climax two years before, and then pulls a rabbit out of his hat for an encore.

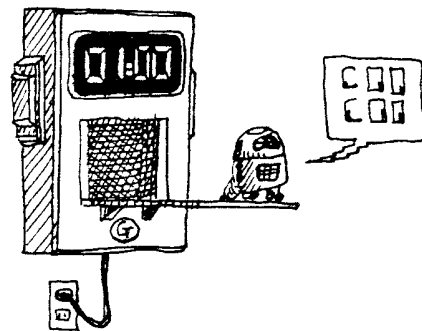
("...what is the difference between science and religion?") The difference is in the response to the demand: "Prove it!"

(re: shazzy new theories "...some young professors say all sorts of things on the off-chance that one will be 'right'...") Pasteur had this problem with a rival who could endlessly reel off imaginary theories to contradict poor Louis, who had to work to disprove these fantasies. On the other hand, sometimes a screwy thought occurs unbidden, and who knows? It could be SOMETHING...

Donna

And now, the opinion to the contrary: MUCH TOO LONG! WRITE LESS! (No, no, I'm kidding!)

I remember Goin' out of my head, as performed by the Letter-hacks men. Those guys sound like such saps (although I don't really hate them). When they sing We will have those moments to remember I get a mental image of these slow-moving zombies, so easy-going they can't make their fingers into a fist, shuffling onto the football field, heads rolling on their necks, to tear the goalposts down. Sort of a Night of the Singing Dead.



Bill Leininger The electronic age sounds okay. Fun, even. Musical accompaniment...wow. With the proper input terminal-sort of a slate device—illoes and hand working could also be produced easily, and the keyboard stands by faithfully for the non-print portions of any program.

Then I'd probably print out hard copies, even though I'd lose the dynamics of the animated letters and so on. But then, I'm also the kind who will amuse the gang by never putting my personal library into a memory bank—I'll stick to old-fashioned space-wasting NCR Microforms, and keep all the original comics, books, etc. in storage somewhere.

On the subject of this being 19(gasp)80, I recall a story **National Lampoon** ran in '73, called **An Evening in 1973**, supposedly written fifty years before. The story has John Smithers lending a pen to his neighbor Paul Wilson:

"Quite a device, this automatic pen," Paul Wilson said. "Truly a marvel of 1973."

"Yes," John Smithers readily agreed. "This all-plastic automatic pen is truly amazing. Through a cellophane window, one can see the interior, where a lifetime supply of a special kind of liquefiable plastic is kept. The special, liquefiable plastic is heated to its melting point by a small internal filament; this filament is turned on by an internal miniature one-tube radio receiver responding to signals sent out by an internal, miniature, one-tube radio transmitter; this transmitter, placed beside the point, is energized only when pressure is actually placed on the point. This assures that the plastic will be liquid—and flow onto the paper—only when actually needed. Since the plastic is solidified when not in use, eliminated forever is the danger of the pen leaking in, say, a shirt or suit pocket."

"Why, I can remember way, way back," Paul said, "when pens used to leak all the time."

"Things sure are different now in 1973!" John Smithers said, grinning. By the way, Ed Subitzky wrote that. Of course, I never got over the novelty of the sixties being over.

RE Smith MUSIC? HEAD MUSIC?

"producing an altered state of consciousness"—Good definition. First choice for truly altered state would be Gregorian Chant. When I hear it done by monks, I swear the ceiling goes off the room and I find myself in a cathedral. When "Sgt. Pepper's..." on side 2 of "Abbey Road" is on, I can play endless games of solitaire without tiring. The Moody Blues used to really do it to me... "Days of Future Passed" on side 2 of "On the threshold of a dream" are the best.

In the field of Jazz, I find old Dinah Shore vocals to be superlative, particularly three pieces she did with the Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street: "Mood Indigo", "Sophisticated Lady", and "Star-dust." Also "Chloe". That's four. Her voice was lovely, she had wonderful control, and the instruments behind her combine with her delivery in such a way as to render my skeleton flaccid.

Then, there's classical. Tops on my list are—of course—my four favorites; Gershwin, Prokofiev, Ravel, and Rachmaninov, the 20th-century giants. Gershwin's best is his Piano Concerto in F, but everything he ever wrote has merit. His string quartet, which he called "Lullaby" puts me away on a blue cloud, for sure.

Prokofiev's five piano concerti, his first violin concerto, and his flute sonata all merit much praise.

Rachmaninov's best piece is his Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini. It's a series of variations for piano and orchestra on one of Nicolo Paganini's violin caprices. He also works in the Dies Irae, a theme from Gregorian Chant which generally signifies gloom, depression, and other toasts of Rachmaninov.

Ravel's solo piano music includes masterpieces of modern harmony in older forms, such as Le Tombeau de Couperin and the Valses Nobles et Sentimentales. There are also swell pieces like the [Piano, Cello & Violin] Trio, and the incredibly lovely Introduction and Allegro for Harp, Clarinet, and String Quartet. The second movement of his Piano Concerto in G almost makes me break out and blubber, however...

...my favorite of all Ravel's pieces, and possibly my all-time favorite piece of music, is his Concerto pour la Main Gauche, or the Left Hand Concerto, known as the "Ravel Left Hand." It was written for Paul Wittgenstein, one-armed ~~WWI~~ vet, pianist and ingrate. The piece opens in the low, growling strings and brassy. A slow theme is announced in slightly higher tones. Without much ado, this changes into another theme which then leads into the first appearance of the soloist. Here's where this piece starts to get amazing. Is one hand really doing all that? Hard to believe, but it is. (We even got the music) The second time the piano enters, it is playing a distinctly separate melody and accompaniment. By use of different rhythms, they lazily flit around each other like cabbage butterflies. Throughout the concerto, the orchestra is a perfect "right hand" at times, skillfully merging with the piano now rippling, now hammering. Finally, a dramatic section glides the orchestra to silence and without a pause, the soloist begins the cadenza.

It begins slowly, easily, with a sense of drama caused by the soloist's recreation of the opening theme, hitherto assigned only to the orchestra. A brief run, and a near-pause and the pianist has increased the accompaniment, doubling the number of notes played in each bar, and the melody now played is the second solo theme, transfigured by the faster accompaniment, all of which is played by a single fast-moving, incredibly accurate hand. And the thing keeps building, playing simultaneously a melody counter-melody, and a running accompaniment. And then the melody starts to pick up chords and octaves... the piano is vibrating so nicely at this point that it almost sounds like the orchestra is humming along... and just as the climax of the piece comes along, the orchestra joins in and brings the house down.

The best recording of this is on Columbia, and features the great French Master Robert Casadesu. I recommend it.

(on piano)
(left hand)
(that is)

KWIP
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MIKE

Glad to hear you went out and got an Apple. That oughtta keep the doctor away, ha ha. "... It's now up to 40k thanks to the Garb Surplus Shock..." So, Gordon's been giving you a piece of his mind, eh?

See you at Ambercon?
[will I? did I?]

DOUG

Gol-lee, this was a swell zine. There were other swell zines in this mailing, but I must say this one, in particular, is swell.

I must say that because there is so little else that fool I can think to say on it. I can say the title and interior titles were amusing, that I was able to happily sit and read the thing, but somehow, each time I frame a mental comment (a.k.a. paperless first draft) on it, I come up with something completely different. What do I write down when I can't think of the same thing twice? Most likely something like this, so you at least know I liked the zine.

Pp 2-4

of this certainly seem reasonable to me. Technology can't back up. Now that we've had cars, we can't go back to horses and feet. We just have to find something besides fossil juice to put in the tank.



Bob Asprin is Yang the Nau-seating? Cripes, the things you can just live for years and years and never even suspect. Criminy.

VALLI

ooo Hm, Dick is right about those ellipses (sic (sic))... they can get to be too much... I dunno, they're just too easy and ambiguous... like records that end with a 'repeat to fade'... otherwise nice zine, nice layout, nice typeset - I mean it, I work with the stuff.

Bill Eggs

"...array of spinthairiscopes -- each grad ass't counts the luminous flashes hitting his screen, and later they plot a graph of number of hits versus angle θ ..." and the one with the most hits wins, right? By George, I'm catching on to this "Tecky" stuff already!

(ct Gordon) "Eagerly awaiting your next postmailing." By Garb, I think he's got it!

Keen zine. Be zine ya.

DOUG That Logo and illo are real nifty. Convince Bill Higgins he should do his zine in xerox or off-set so all his illoes can come out as sharp and snappy as that. Ditto can be crystal clear or mucky, and only the Great Goo Hoo and the Master Monster know which it will be.

(re: von Daniken et.al.) Robert Benchley raised a nice point some years back in an article where he cites what a historian calls a "remarkably accurate" drawing of a goose found in an Egyptian tomb. Why, he asks, is it so remarkable? Are we the only generation that can draw geese? In the same sense, I feel obliged to scoff at those who feel the pyramids could only be the work of ET's. Our ancestors (and the Egyptians' ancestors) were human, they had math and could strive for perfection. They thought they HADDA build pyramids, and when man HASTA do something, he most often does. Even fly, if he has to.

KEITH A few words on how I prepared this. I'm sitting on the edge of the bed, monitoring a tape recording I am transcribing from one cassette to another. Both machines are Sony. (No baloney) My pens are Rapidomatic Technical Fountain Pens, in sizes from .13 to 2.00 rising in a logarithmic progression. There are nine points. This is a .50. My character generator is a human mind, coupled to the pen by a standard hand. It's capable of such esoterica as pound signs, Greek letters, and a near-infinite variety of type-faces. Straightness of lines has just lately been improved by the use of a ruled zine template placed beneath the sheet on which I'm writing.

MARY LYNN (On carrying lasers &c.) Read and agreed. Maybe security types are afraid someone'll rob a liquor store with a toy phaser and it'll be all their fault.

MIKE BENTLEY I am eagerly awaiting the "GLOW IN THE DARK INDEX", whether it is an index that glows in the dark, or an index of glow-in-the-dark items.

Also glad for

the update on the pitched battle of videodisks. Hard to believe that records once had similar struggles over the size of the hole for 78s (I found a couple of old 78s with holes about half the size of 45s. The record label said they only worked on certain machines of a certain manufacturer, so who knows, maybe they were 79s or 77s or something), the disc-or-cylinder decision, the advents of 45s and LPs. And cassettes. Ramble, ramble, ramble. Anyway, appreciated the info.

Swell zine, particularly (for me) the earlier pages. As far as format went, I don't mind three-column type zines. Perhaps you could have filled up the last column with... well, something. Dunno what. That's your problem. My problem is filling up the white space in this last column.

Filler Well, as ever, life is rife with little incidents to tell about, the better to convince self and others that all is not dullness.

Cathy Doyle, noted sweetheart of Yours Truly, got a used VW squareback about three weeks ago. We went to the Denver Area SFAssn. meeting two weeks ago, and returned through the linear town of Longmont, where the three main activities are (1) Dragging up Main Street (2) Drinking (3) Dragging down Main Street. One of these persons crunched the car. Much fun. Cop told us red lights sort of attract drunks, like flowers draw bees, and this... person... decided he needed to cut across our right-of-way to be closer to the red light on the far side. Cathy says she's annoyed. Sorehead.

Also, learned that the Dead Letter Branch in San Francisco has a navel way of dealing with mail on which an incorrect address has been affixed. The mail in question was my apazine for Phoenix. Before they sent it back to me (I'd included the return address) they tore it in half and put it back in the envelope. Let us hope this one doesn't get that.

B'desh, b'desh, b'desh...

THAT'S ALL, FOLKS!

Kip onward and upward!

5

(Can it be true? Has this incomparable composit of wit and wonder

• • • • •

Well, I'm still working. I better keep working, too. I just bought a VCR. Eight more people were dismissed from our division, but the word from the top is that that is all for Transportation. Oh, and I passed my code test.

[illegible]

In honor of this auspicious occasion, I will now reveal the method behind the madness of my esoteric articles. I plan to be an amateur writer, and one of my ideas involves a series of stories set in the same universe. The basic idea is that as men move outward from earth, first into the solar system and then the surrounding stars, they find that another terrestrial civilization has preceded them. This was a society of Neanderthals. They terraformed Mars, and colonised earth-type planets for several hundred light years. Then, thier civilization collapsed. As the series progresses, the truth about their predecessors, will be uncovered by the humans.

Ego-bribe time. Anyone who contributes to the project, either proof or disproof, will be mentioned in the series. Okay, here's the synopsis.

Around a hundred thousand years ago, at the height of an ice age, a highly technological society of Neanderthals developed. They gained their knowledge slowly but surely, and advanced into the solar system. They built space habitats and terraformed Mars, and sent colonies out to the nearer stars by slowboat. Since nearly all of their cities were coastal, the oceans were important to them, and they genetically tampered with an existing species, dolphins, to create lifeguards. After about a thousand years someone discovered a method of ftl travel. Plans to terraform Venus were abandoned, and they became a true starfaring race. Their expansion was rapid, for them. Over the next seven or eight thousand years they colonised most of the earth-type planets for several hundred light years. They encountered other intelligent species, none near their technical level. Aside from a few minor skirmishes, peace reigned.

Then, after ten thousand years of civilization, they met an enemy. The Neanderthals were not prepared for war, but they were the offspring of a tough planet. After the first few losses they were able to hold their own. Unfortunately, the enemy was very cunning and experienced. Seeing that sheer military might was not the answer, a plan was developed. Earth, its location long known, became the focus of attention. In a sudden, devastating move, the fleet guarding Earth was wiped out. Then, assured of the time they needed, the enemy tampered with the climate, bringing the ice age to a sudden end.

In some places the sea level rose hundreds of feet, inundating the coastal cities. With the industries and government of Earth gone, the colonies fell. Earth, shrouded in its new belt of clouds, was ignored.

The Neanderthals, however, lived on, both on their homeworld and in some colonies. Physically well-adapted to survival, they needed little civilization to survive, and thus created little. Occasionally, a technological society would arise, as it had before, but these were short-lived.

Survival on Earth was aided by the fact that the cloud belt tended to keep ozone out of the lower atmosphere. Without this powerful oxidant aging was slowed in most organisms.

But the enemy was not through. About fifty thousand years BP, they returned. They found the Earth inhabited by intelligent, potentially dangerous creatures, at the time non-technological. After deciding that physical force was impractical, and that changing the climate again would only be a stimulus, the enemy arrived at another plan. A tailored virus was released into the biosphere, designed to cause neotony in the Neanderthal offspring of the next generation. It would take centuries to work, but in the end the species would be extinct.

Unfortunately for the enemy, they were right, but not in the way they expected. Neanderthal died out, but some of their offspring were viable. These survivors became Cro-Magnon. This less well-adapted heir was forced to develop better weapons and ways of living. Although weaker physically, and perhaps mentally as well (Neanderthal having a slightly larger brain), they had a drive and aggression that spread their seed over the whole planet. Of all the mammalian species, only rabbits and bears were found in as many and as diverse climates.

And then it happened again. About five or six thousand years BP, the enemy returned, and was aghast at what was found. True, the old enemy was dead, but in its place was something new, and unknown. Its population already numbering in the hundreds of millions, with magnificent cities and long, fruitful lives, they could reach their neighboring planets and stars in only a few centuries. What's more, this new species was inherently destructive. The ecology of vast areas had been disrupted in only the past thousand years. (The Sahara was a forest, before extensive lumbering turned it to desert, beginning about 10,000 years ago.)

They had to be destroyed. And this time the enemy would be thorough. A major planetary body was located, and its orbit disrupted. It would take years for the project to reach completion, but in the end Earth would be completely destroyed.

Something went wrong, though. The body made a close pass, but did not impact. Still, the tidal effects had been enormous. The cloud belt had precipitated out in a single, torrential rain, and earthquakes had caused additional damage. With the loss of the ozone isolation layer, life spans of most species would be reduced dramatically. For the new species, exposed for the first time, it would be catastrophic.

Human life spans dropped to around twenty or twenty-five years. Whole populations died out, unable to reproduce fast enough. The enemy left, irritated at their failure, but satisfied with the results. Just to be on the safe side, it was decided to check again, say, in about ten thousand years.

XX

There's something strange going on here. In ApaTech #6 there are two con reports mentioning me that shouldn't. I haven't been to Wisconsin in years, and my only Chicago con so far was the last Windycon. Either my memory has taken a nose dive, or there is another Rod in GT.

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The Questionable Singularity

The difference between science and religion, Greg, is that science studies the rules of existence and religion studies why those rules were established.

Touch Me, Heal Me

My sister majored in Agra-Business, and says that the results of crossing dogs and wolves vary too much for generalities.

Smith's

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CCCCC 00000 RRRR 00000 N N AAA
C      O  O R  R O  O NN N A A
C      O  O RRRR O  O N N N AAAAA
C      O  O R  R O  O N NN A A
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Dick Smith's apazine for APA-TECH #7 - June 1980

GALA FIRST ANNISH!!! It's not very hard for me to remember back just one year when Renee handed out fliers about something called apa-tech. She wasn't quite sure who I was, yet, when I picked one up at the Isher huckster table, and commented that an apa was a good idea. ((I'm still not sure that she has a good idea of who I am, but that's another problem...)) I never really thought techies were writers and I've been proven ~~right~~ wrong by the fine things I've seen in this apa for the first year. Perhaps the more conventional fanzine fans would find the topics discussed strange, but ~~what/~~ ~~do/they/know/about/blinkies/daddy/~~ so what.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, APA-TECH!

IT AIN'T TYPESET I've been avoiding explaining about my dissatisfaction & departure from Data-Logics for a while now, and I'm not going to change that now. Suffice to say, I am no longer employed by DL, and am therefore no longer running the largest techish copy centre in the midwest. I really miss the typeset software, even if it did all have silly names.

For those of you who are/were worries, I am happily settled at Bell & Howell Micrographics working on software for microfilm camera & projector control systems. There's lots of freedom to do "government work" and no shortage of parts, either. I'll know more after I have some chance to look around, more. You may watch this space for details.

This apazine is being typed on a Smith-Corona "Electra 220" which belongs to Valli. I'm finally being paid back for all the computer time ~~I~~ Datalogics gave her. It's a nice typer ((I promised not to badmouth it.)) but I miss the backspace-word key, which it doesn't seem to have. Next ish will again be automated, I hope.

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Smith's Corona
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GRUMPYNESS While changing jobs & other worries were on my mind, it's possible that I accidentally said things to various techies with less than full intent. More plainly, I snapped at several people around WhatCon time, or so, because things were particularly hectic for me. I DIDN'T MEAN IT, and hereby publicly apologise. I think you know who I ~~mean~~. SORRY, BILL!!!

MORE GRUMPYNESS Everyone who voted for the seven days grace period for apa-tech contrihs was wrong. I guess that's everyone except me, tho, so I submit under pressure. However, I recall that there were several Chicago techies who wanted to know why it took so long for issue #6 to arrive from the OE. I seems to me that the grace period has been mis-understood, so I therefore make the following PROPOSAL for the consideration of the membership:

Proposed that the deadline for contributions to APA-TECH be the first day of alternate months, and that a ten day grace period be allowed after the first of the month by the OE for receipt of delayed mail or procrastinators zones. The OE is directed to announce which conventions she expects to attend near the time of the next deadline, so that members may save postage by delivering their contributions by hand, however, the OE is NOT authorized to extend the grace period past the 10th day of the month even tho she has announced that apa-tech contributions will be accepted at a convention after the first day of the month.

How about that; is it stilted enough? It would be nice not to have to wait for an entire month for APA-TECH to arrive. (At least, I think so....)

HUGO's (an opinion) Well, it looks like PyroTechnics isn't going to make it as a Hugo award winning fanzine this year. File 770 is one of the ones I get in the mail, and it's pretty good. Ask to see my copy. I have copies of Janus (that feminist sexist zine you've read about me complaining about before), too if anyone want's to see it. I don't like to see the Hugo go to the semi-pro-zines again this year. I suppose even Janus is better as Hugo winner than Locus AGAIN. I'm voting for File 770 myself, if you just want someone to copy, but I'd rather let you read my zines and make up your own mind.

Both Valli & I really liked Orson Scott Card's story "Unaccompanied Sonata" which is up for Hugo also. Make

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sure you don't miss it. It was in Omni and also in the DAW best of 1980 collection. "The Way of Cross and Dragon" by George R.R. Martin is in the collection also, and is also very good, but I'm voting for "Unaccompanied Sonata" for sure.

----- quick mailing comments for APA-TECH #6 -----

Quintessential Singularity That's a damn nice cover. I wish it were easier to comment on the things you've been doing. I don't have much to say beyond, "I enjoy it; keep up the good work." At some berserker soon, there will be an Apple, and I'll have a chance to see your animations. Sounds impressive, even unseen!

You sound like the job will work out just fine. Those seem like just about perfect hours... all you have to do is make sure that your shifts don't overlap the cons you want to go to, and you have all the time free that you'd need. At least, I hope it's that good.

You'd better read Brave New World. I don't know what they did to it on television (I don't watch television... at all!), but there isn't any upbeat ending at all to it. ~~So/now/you/now/where/Elizabeth/stele/it/~~

THEY (capital letters for extra-mysterious they) are still blowing up stars... all you've proved is that THEY are equally distributed with the stars. Next you'll be trying to convince us there there ain't no UFO's....

See Me, Feel Me I don't think your title change will change your image much... if you're lucky (?), it may change what we tell you about your image. You should be careful about believing strange men... you're all worried about what I said about your image, something which was mostly kidding. ((Only mostly, you say? Well.....))

Don't be nervous about your contrib to the apa... you're doing fine, in fact, we're all doing fine.

I'm glad Valli's con reports make sense to someone. I'm not going to start liking them, tho... they're still to garbled for me.

Yesterday's Tomorrow Isn't there already a couple of computer hobby zines which come out on cassette or something... you run them and they display text & illo's as you describe. Does anyone get them or have any idea about their quality?

You're right about 1980 being the future. This all fits in with the woman who's going around cons for some class project asking people about their fantasies. We got our wish... this IS the future.

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Sorry I can't offer you repor service again this ish. It was too good to be true, anyway... xerox isn't really fannish.

I got my surplus originate-only accoustic coupler for \$25. It ju\$ needed a new fuse holder (was broken off) and tuning to work fine. That's probably the easiest way for the moment. Note the various modem plans in the latest Byte, tho. Those look cheap enough to build... the big problem is interface to the phone line. You either must connect illegally, buy an expensive DAA, or use an accoustic type coupler. That means speakers & an amp, etc. which makes for more work. The Byte stuff sort-of ignored this issue.

I didn't like Titan enough for a Hugo. I haven't decided about the novel yet.

I think it's referred to around here as "rubber jello".

KWIP At least it's not computer justified & so forth like everyone else. Welcome! You print very nicely. You've already got comments like "Buy a typer!" from someone else, I'm sure, so I won't make any here just yet.

I forgot about the sentient VW bug. That reminds me for some reason of Flubber & Son of Flubber which you may, if you wish to get insulting, consider as Disney's first attempts at sci-fi. Some will say that they were better than Black Hole, but I compromise at an EQUAL rating.

You'd better not be like Gordon. We hardly ever see him, and he's always complaining about lousy work is. Downer. You write lots, hear?

TRANSPORTER TOPICS The incedent you describe is the sort of thing that lead me to not give out my birthyear. I'm still at an awkward age, whatever it is. Don't worry... I think late blommers just miss out on the bad parts (at least, it sounds like a good ration-alization.)

Young & Abroad Must be nice to have a computer that works without having to do alot ov soldering first. I'm glad those Garb-tronics rams work... I bought some too.

Now TI has a voice board for the 9900 series. The main chip has 64 pins and sounds alot like Spean&Spell. Just a rumor....

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Radio Stuntman I'm not going to comment much on this stuff... I was there & it's mostly a history. The move was lots worse than you describe. We were all sad about it, tho. As far as I can tell, you're pretty well settled, and classes are interesting. I hope they remain that way.

Practical colonization-- I'm not going to be able to start an argument here. ((APA-TECH needs arguments)) But, I'm happy to sentence all the SCA types to un-mechanized farming if they like the idea. I suspect the one hole in your discussion is the fact that the industries need an already established farming/labour support base. When a society is industrializing, this, of course, exists already, but when you drop society out of the sky, there isn't any way to feed the factory workers while you make the first tractors. And you can't start too small... heavy manufacturing doesn't get efficient until it's large. So you need to ship canned goods to feed the workers with... the societies you've started by complaining about usually get designed with the assumption that space travel is costly. So it goes.

Dr. Gonzo's Awright, so you're trying to write in sentences just for me... but the review of Simon was rather excessively wordy. I suppose it's the typesetter that makes you write that way...!

The cover is pretty, but I can't relate; that's not a techie at all. A proto-techie, maybe.

ETAOIN Corflu Bill... since you asked me about my large collection of Jack Vance, I promised I'd make a recommendation: the Vance novel I remember most is the second of the "demon princes" novels called The Killing Machine. Vance has more ideas about different human cultures (he has few aliens) than anyone else I can think of. Maybe the plots aren't so much, but the ideas...!

I suppose the power dogs method would work for heating water at Ishercon if the water could be made to conduct some. Unfortunately, I think you get Hydrogen & Oxygen if you use any method I can think of... you need really low voltage, I guess, but a massive current thru the water... the overhead in producing it would make a new water heater cheaper & easier.

Tales from the Charmed California isn't charmed at all, but I suppose what must be must be, or some such crap. We expect to see you here, anyway, even if you are no longer around in person.

Smith's Corona
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The Two Shot wasn't my work... I happen to know that something like six people contributed to it. I did re-type it in its final form, but the committee even chose the illo that was to be used. ~~GLAD/YOU/LIKED/IT/DA/YOU/DIDN'T/~~
Besides, fans are social inepts, at least according to fannish tradition, and aren't techies the penultimate fans?

The Right to Carry Lasers ...probably doesn't exist, so we'd better be damn careful!

Sure, I think the MiniCon committee overreacted to a non-existent threat, but I'm afraid tirades won't help matters.

I object to your description of lasers as 'not much different than a red camera flash'. You've generalized from one or two particular lasers, and it's not clear that what you say is true in all cases. GT members, individually and, if possible, in groups, are going to have to be careful not to produce a toy that turns out to be dangerous. I don't know which one of us is qualified to judge this; I know most of us aren't.

As I've said before, and I think I said at the MiniCon GT meeting, the lasers & the toy guns issues are two separate issues, and should be treated as such. If you help confuse the two, both may end up being banned.

((complete change of subject))

I think that leaving fandom just because of some difficulties with/regarding a certain young gentleman (?) would be silly. We'll still want to see you even if you're arguing with whomever. Now I've got it in writing.

Bunny MuBetan I understand you fixed the electronic flu finally. Let us know how the printer is working for you. I've been thinking about what kind of hardcopy device I should have at home.

TECO: it's true that you trade readability for speed and minimum keystrokes. No matter what editor you like, just remember that if it were TECO, you could write a better one in it. At least one MIT document I saw describes TECO as an editor for implementing other editors in.

You should definately read Gödel, Escher, Bach. You'll like it alot or hate it & not finish.

Enough... I don't know how I'll get this repro'd yet... Love to all.... there are lots of cons this summer to see everyone at.

I expect to be at MidwestCon & Autoclave. Archon is a low maybe.... I don't know what will happen to the various berserkers, yet, but I'll be around if I can.

THIS SPACE FOR RENT: #

Rolf Wilson & 158 S. Prospect #2 & Ypsilanti, MI. 48197#
#####

Most of you know me. For those you don't - I was born on day 20,755 of this century, I stand .001152 miles tall, and I have a beard. You can't miss me.

But I missed you. I had the initial notice for APA-TECH taped to my wall for months, but never got around to writing anything. By the time I checked into it further, issue 4 was coming out. I read some back issues that Mike Bentley and Alice Insley had, and decided to try my hand. I ain't no Greg Ruffa, but I knew that this job was dangerous when I took it.

Did the first description of myself confuse you? Then have some more. I spent 4 years in Champaign-Urbana going to the University of Illinois as a computer science student. I helped found the Champaign-Urbana Science Fiction Association and was its "president" for 2 years. After graduating, I moved to Michigan and started working for Burroughs. We're number 2, but no one cares. Not a bad job, actually. It would be even better if they paid me...

A plea for help. (Notice the non sequiters) I have this project that I expect to be working on for a great many years. And I'd like to borrow some ideas. How often have you remembered something about a book or story, but have been unable to remember what the title was, or who wrote it? It's happened to me lots of times. But I think that there is a way to find that story anyway - without doing an exhaustive search. I have long planned to create a large computer data base to keep track of my science fiction books and magazines (I have many). Why not devote something like 32 bits in each entry to answer 32 yes or no questions about the work in question? So, if you remembered anything about the story, you could enter a search pattern with a "yes", "no" or "who cares" about each question, and would receive a list of stories that fit the pattern. The more you remember, the smaller the list, of course.

I don't own a computer. It may be several years before I do. But I could start on the data base now. After all, it will take lots of time to answer 32 questions for each of several thousand stories. So, all I need to start are the questions. Oh, I have the easy ones. But I'd love to hear your ideas. So far, I've come up with these -

- does the story occur in the future?
- does the story occur in the past?
- is there inter-planetary space travel?
- is there inter-stellar space travel?
- is there faster than light travel?
- is there time travel?
- are there alternate universes?
- is there travel between alternate universes?
- do psychic powers occur?
- does magic occur? (a find line between these two)

are there any aliens in the story?
is there more than 1 alien race?
are there any humans in the story?
are there any intelligent computers?
are extended lifetimes common?
is this a post-war society?
is this a repressive society?
does the story take place only on Earth?
does the action cover more than 1 planet?
is there war during the story?
is there a male protagonist? a female protagonist?

This might not work as well for short stories, but it should be able to locate most novels. Of course, you could use this information to find stories on a given subject, even if you were not looking for a particular story. Beyond this point, I might have to study data base management. Got any questions?

Recently, I was re-re-rereading "Ringworld" when I was struck by a comment made by Louis about Dyson spheres. He says that if your gravity generators fail, you would have a disaster as the air left in world-sized quantities. This does not sound like fun. I will now make the assumption that humans can live for extended periods in near-zero gee. Why have gravity generators? Build two shells, one about 100 miles larger in radius, and put the air and living space between them. Of course, they would have to be connected,, but the stresses involved should not be large. I suppose the inner shell would be transparent, for windows and for agriculture. Sure, you would always be "inside", but you would have room for endless miles of forest (wonder what low-gravity forest looks like?) with a ten mile high clear roof. I don't think that many people would feel "shut in". It would have about $1\text{E}19$ cubic miles of volume. Gravity would not be zero - there still is the sun. I don't have the equations handy, though.

But will I live to see the "wonders" of the future? My grandmother has seen the world change from the first airplane to Mars landers. I hope to live as long as she has (one of the possible "wonders") but I doubt that I shall see the world change as much as she has. Let's face it. Major technological breakthroughs are no longer made by bicycle mechanics in their spare time. Even after we know how to do something new, it can take years and billions of dollars to ~~make~~ make it real. I can envision projects taking decades - centuries.

Our tools might save us. Complex problems require complex tools, and we've gone beyond bicycle wrenches. It might take hundreds of years to build a Dyson sphere (but you could live in the completed portions!) but the design might have been done entirely inside a computer somewhere, down to the testing of the climate patterns, and the human engineering. And we could expect it to work the first time. We don't have tools like that - yet.

Whatever happens, it will probably be true that I will "live in interesting times".

WAIT! I had some more to say....

I forget exactly how the conversation ran, but at Marcon, I told Bill Higgins that I'd do a piece on organic superconductors (especially easy from my point of view because I did a seminar on it last year). As noted above, I'm a chemist, not a physicist, so the physics herein is necessarily simplified so that I can understand it. The interested reader is welcome to poke holes in it later.

Everybody knows what superconductivity is, right? Persistent currents--set up a current in a superconducting ring and it will flow indefinitely without decaying. (As John Campbell once said, that's a damn persistent current!) There's an extensive mathematical treatment of superconductivity, but for the purposes of this discussion, we can talk about it in qualitative terms. (Thank God! Have you ever looked in those articles in the Physical Review? Sheesh...)

The BCS theory of superconductivity (developed by odd coincidence by Bardeen, Cooper, and Schrieffer) proposes that a current flow in a superconducting material causes small time-dependent distortions of the material's crystal lattice. (Believe me, the mathematics is worse.) Breaking this down into English, the crystal lattice is composed of the positively charged metal atoms (positively charged because some of the electrons are mobile within the material). As a current flows through the lattice, an atom will move slightly as the negatively charged electron passes by.

Now, as the atoms in the lattice move toward the passing electron, they create a small region of enhanced positive charge. If there is another electron following close behind the first one that passed through, its motion is facilitated by the positive

charge. This causes the electrons to form pairs (Cooper pairs) in a superconducting material.

If that was all there was to the problem, everything would be superconducting at all temperatures. Unfortunately, there are a few other factors to be taken into account.

One is thermal motion. The lattice-induced electron-electron interaction that leads to the formation of Cooper pairs is very weak. At any reasonable temperature (from the point of view of you and me who prefer to be around 293 K), thermal vibration is sufficient to disrupt the pairing effect. It's not until you get down around 20 K that thermal effects become small enough for you to observe pairing.

Ok, so what you want to do is to make the electron-electron interaction stronger. Sure. So you look at the mathematics of the situation. It turns out that the lower the mass of the lattice element, the greater the stabilization of the Cooper pairs. Fortunately, this makes sense qualitatively. The lower the mass of the lattice element, the further it can move due to distortions introduced by a passing electron. The further it moves, the larger the positive charge that the second electron in the pair sees as it passes through, and thus the greater the stabilization energy.

So to increase this energy, people wondered about the possibility of using organic molecules (big heavy goomers) to provide the lighter lattice elements that they were looking for.

Sounds flaky, right? It's not, but I'm going to have to wait until next issue to explain it, because I'm running out of space and time. (Need I tell you that this is being written on the Wed. before X-Con?)

Hasty la vista...



Dr. Gonzo's Eclectic Ectagona

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Being ravings, mutterings and other nonsensical observations on the state of chaos by the persona known to sometimes occupy 621 Hull Terrace, #1W, Evanston IL 60202, or perhaps to answer the phone at (312) 492-1358, or may be found at cons of no-repute, ill-repute, or techie-repute.

These illustrious, dubious, incongruous ramblings are for the period of time known as

May/June 1980

Which of course, by the time this is distributed and digested in whatever fashion you may find interesting, it will be June.....but then better old news than no news.....or fan news than old news??

Also Sprach Spielberg

Or, the Darth Vader Zero-Gee Polka!! Um, folks, well, for this issue of the Celluloid Kisses column, I am sorry to report that ~~Star Wars 2~~ The Empire Strikes Back has had its Chicago debut without the illustrious presence of yours truly. Obligations, duty, ~~threats~~ ~~on my life by Lynne Aronson~~ kept me from opening night along with the other ~~G. M. P.~~ group which went to the long-awaited event. So Doug, I bequeath this one to you.

Announcing.....

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////////////////////////////////////
////                               ////
////      Chicago                 ////
////      Semi-Pro Musica         ////
////                               ////
////      Sunday, June 8          ////
////      3:00 PM                 ////
////                               ////
////      St. Ita's Church         ////
////      5500 N. Broadway         ////
////      Chicago                 ////
////////////////////////////////////
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(Or, why Lynne Aronson threatened my life if I missed the Wednesday night Semi-Pro rehearsal on May 21, 1980.....)

Or, if that announcement was too subtle for you,

COME ONE!! COME ALL!!
TO THE MOST SPLENDORIFEROUS EVENT YOU WILL HEAR!!
CHICAGO SEMI-PRO MUSICA
MUSICAL INVENTION

After all, if everyone just leaves A-Con a little bit earlier than usual, you can hear some lusty, fannish even voices in their bi-annual musical extravaganza.... So, if you can leave Milwaukee by oh, 1:00 PM on Sunday afternoon (what is there to do in Milwaukee on Sunday afternoons??) and head down south on I-94/US-41 and watch out for blue blinkies on top of funny-looking cars while you're zipping along at 65 mph, well you can just cruise right into St. Ita's parking lot, trot yourself into the church, have a seat and be serenaded by some of the most outstanding, well, harmonious, well, um, er, at least fannish voices you will find in Chicago.... Well, we won't be singing Benson Arizona or Motie Engineers, but there is at least Mark Aronson's The Grand Canal!

+++++
++ Con-Scanners' Corner ++
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Minicon Well, just look for Dr. Gonzo's, pt. 1 earlier in this mailing. There you can find all the lewd, well, lascivious, well, at least interesting account of the goings-on. Hope you enjoy.

MarCon Hm,, so this is MarCon?? Ah, springtime in Columbus, Ohio, indeed is lovely. Why are there more trees in bloom here than in Chicago?? Why does it all look so much more hospitably May?? What is this doing in a con report?? Ah well. Friday night was the usual arriving-too-late-for-registration, and just finding what people had indeed come to the con besides me. But there seems to be an adequate turn-out of G_T folk to make this con perhaps more enjoyable than most. Saturday afternoon, thanks to Herb Johnson, I actually found a hat that I had been looking for since Wiscon. Thanks again, Herb. There is a nice little Chinese goods store next to the donut shop on High St. than carries all sorts of interesting things from China if you are interested in that sort of thing.

The lack of the Houghton crowd was sadly noted, but the presence of one Mr. Bill S. Higgins was soundly applauded. *Sigh* (Sometimes the presence of G_T at a con can make or break the weekend for me, but then that is for another telling....) But the presence of some 30- or 40-odd people at the ranquet held at a rather quaint inn in a Columbus suburb (yes, even Columbus has 'burbs) testifies to the drawing power (or perhaps sadistic tendencies) which G_T has on fen. Dinner was quite nice with adequate fare, but the size of the affair meant that some conversations were never held, as how can I talk to 30 people all in 2 hours?? Earlier in the afternoon, Moopsball occurred much to the demise of some fen's bodies. But the Jacuzzi was very nice on Saturday night.....much larger than Chambanacon's, and more easily sociable. Even the Ghods spoke, as Jeff Duntemann was known to ~~amble~~ ~~amble~~ eloquently deliver his contribution to a panel that same afternoon. Outside of G_T, the presence of some fen from the southeastern part of Michigan was duly enjoyed as it is nice to occasionally hear some conversation on topics other than Chicago or Thursday night or Chicago in '82 or other such topics....and then it is back on the road again to the familiar skyline and lake and reality....*Sigh*.... but Whatcon is only down the page.....

Whatcon Four days of being surrounded by people that I have been waiting/wanting/conspiring to see for months ah, such is the bliss of fandom!! I even got to work Registration (registered two whole people) and almost got to work the movies!! On Friday it was a rather singular experience to arrive at the con before midnight. Seven pm and at a con already!! Why, what was I ever going to do with myself all evening long, since Chambana was almost right next door? Well, arriving at the third floor lobby soon found a solution to that ~~problem~~ phenomenon. I was ~~absconded~~ too slow in removing myself from Bill Leininger's temptation and found myself

baby-sitting an empty registration table while members of the con com went about their various frivolous duties. But not too long after I was ~~removed~~ rescued by Dick Smith who took over as chief ~~surly~~ smiling greeter ~~and~~ ~~taker of greenbacks~~ banquet ticket huckster. Roving around the ~~wilds~~ halls I discovered that indeed Whatcon was going to fulfill all my expectations of it simply being a G_T beserker run for all of fandom. Various ~~and sundry~~ faces from Houghton made themselves known midst much hugging ~~and~~ ~~other public displays of non-technic behavior~~. I partied a bit but found myself indulging in my usual Friday night occupation, and didn't awake until Saturday morning, nine-thirty ayem. (All right you lewdie types, just ask most of the Chicago G_T folk what I usually do at parties around midnight or so, and you will know what I did Friday night! ZZZZZZZZZZ in other words....) Saturday morning found me at registration once again and ~~wildly~~ ~~by~~ ~~themselves~~ engaging in conversation with the Honorary G_T Wardrobe Designer, Gretchen Van Dorn. ((TIME FOR A SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT: Gretchen does some of the nicest seamstress work I have ever known any of my friends to do. I am envious but HIGHLY RECOMMEND her sewing abilities, particularly in making some nice caftan and shirt designs. This does not mean I ~~don't~~ ~~like~~ any of the other sewing masters in G_T femme-techdom, but I wish to mention Gretchen's abilities here. Watch this space next ish' for a continuing series on the State of the Art in Stuffed Bandersnatchi....)) Onward....after talking a few trustworthy souls into going to the OTHER Pancake establishment in Chambana, a delightful breakfast was devoured by a most appreciative audience at the Original Pancake House (remember that name for the next Chambanacon breakfast expedition!!) Saturday afternoon found me wandering around, sheepishly asking Larry Niven (I haven't even mentioned the ProGoH until now... what kind of con report is this anyway??) to sign my paltry paperbacks and ~~trying~~ ~~not~~ ~~to~~ ~~look~~ ~~like~~ ~~a~~ ~~nerd~~ appreciating this hallowed author from a distance, I wandered off to get ready for the \$10.75 banquet which Bill Higgins had

my captive ~~bookerbook~~ attention as to his Absent GoH speech. Surprisingly, the rubber chicken didn't bounce off the floor and the peas didn't hide under the biscuits. As far as banquets go, the food was, well, better than most. But the persons sitting at the head table stole the show. Bill did his admirable toast-mastering in his undeniable style, Doug Rice kept within his talent media, and Larry Niven described a con that we all wish we could go into stasis for. (Thanks Chris, for the use of your Mars/Staedtler instrument, without which there would have been no con plate ~~and Dick would have been miserable~~) Off to the Art Auction, where I had my heart set for the first time in my fannish life on TWO PIECES OF ART!! After losing out on the bid for one to AN EXTREMELY WEALTHY C.S. PERSON, I left and hid, leaving Dick instructions on my bidding limit for a Steve Johnson Cibachrome. Well, with a little help from that friend, I have actually obtained a print that I wanted dearly. And I hope that the Hokagon is happy....and so is Rinkworld....The parties on Saturday night were enhanced by my presence (he-he) which was surprisingly awake instead of snoring....And the G_T filk-singing it appears was enjoyed by pros and neos alike....*Sigh* nothing warms my heart like the ~~out/put/line~~ ~~renditions~~ renditions of Benson Arizona that only techies can sing. Um, um, I just remembered that breakfast that I supposedly had on Saturday morning was actually on Sunday morning....so please insert it here.....

On later Saturday night/Sunday morning several invigorating and stimulating discussions were held with the hotel personnel and suffice to say, forementioned parties were made instant converts to fandom. But back to Sunday. Somehow the dismantling of a con can have about all the charm and grace of a day spent too long at the fair, but managing in unusual style, G_T managed not only to have the dead dog party on Sunday but on Monday and Monday night as well. Good spirits and good friends do not depart easily so a few of the hardier souls ~~liked~~ stayed at the hotel in celebration of Monday-off and partied on in usual

usual style, enhanced by the ever-popular Mr. William Skiffington Higgins and his ukelele. Onward....onward to Monday morning, packing of suitcases and driving through the great wide plains of Illinois back to Chicago....and another dead dog party. Or another dead fen party as the case may be....another session of hugs and back-rubs and oh-my-gosh-I-haven't-seen-you-in-so-long-for-only-2-hours-ago....a truly comfortable feeling of being among people that I care about and don't need be afraid of. Even the GoH seemed to discover the remarkable attributes of G_T femme tech and techies in general. I must bid this con good-bye with fond memories that only match NASFiC and Chambanacon in affection. Hug you all at X-Con.

Celluloid Kisses #####
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The Empire Strikes Back, or Darth Vader Tells All!!

Sex!! Crime!! Passion!! Suspense!! Cheap Thrills!! For this, G_T has lured me off on Sunday afternoon of WhatCon? Sure, why not, what else is there to do anyway? Well, here I am in line with this other bunch of ~~Star Wars~~ ~~fine fen~~ fine fen and finally seeing this movie only four days behind everyone else. But inside this group of around 15-25 fine fen serenades the other moviegoers with some fine renditions of Benson Arizona with the indubitable Mr. Bill Higgins accompanying on his infamous ukelele. And that was only the beginning!! The rest of the ~~naïve~~ unknowing audience was subjected to very vocal commentary about the State of the Art in Super Effects and etcetera during the course of the film, provided free-of-charge by several G_T. And a resounding climactic opinion given to one-and-all ~~whether you wanted it or not~~ by Dick Smith. And I was looking for the final reel of movie which I was sure they lost at the airport in shippage. What, huh, oh that was the end of the film? Um, er, if you say so.... but I will wait for the next one before I comment on Empire's plot. I have to, or else I will laud Star Wars to heaven about its fine vignettes (ala the alien bar scene) and overall cohesiveness. And that would start another endless discussion of SW vr. TESB and everything that could be said about that already was at Whatcon Sunday night and at Larry's Dead Dog on Monday night. So there.

**** Mailing Comments ****

Or, you can stop holding your breath and
look for your name below.....

Quintessential Singularity Greg, you succeeded in telling me a lot
of everything I've every wanted to know
about stars but.....good luck with WU.//
Re: the VTR interface for an Apple, well, my local consultant
for Bell & Howell (they're marketing a dastardized version
with the Apple people of a special Apple) recommends the use
of a straight coaxial output from the video out socket on
a color video monitor. RF output apparently doesn't work
so well. Currently I haven't tried the monitor trick as
I don't have an Apple to play/work with here at National
College ~~and hopefully soon they won't even have me but that~~
~~is another story~~. That is all I know so far.//
Re: Niven's Known Space works, well, I just had the author
autograph a bunch of paperbacks for me at Whatcon, so I
guess I will finish reading the lot of them. So far my
list of already-read looks like:
Ringworld ~~of course~~, Gift from Earth, um, um, Tales of
Known Space, World of Ptaavs, Protector, and Ringworld
Engineers (library copy since too cheap to buy it yet),
The Mote in God's Eye, Lucifer's Hammer.//
I have just begun Piers Anthony's Cluster/Kirlian trilogy.
I was impressed enough with the 1st book--Cluster--which
managed to convey the physical/emotional/psychological
changes which must occur when homo sapiens suddenly finds
him/her/itself occupying a total alien life form. I have
to see if the rest of the series lends itself to quality.

See Me Donna, it was good to still see you in Apa-
Feel Me Tech! The only thing closely resembling a
zine is other zines!! I had my first intro-
duction to apas through the same friend that introduced
me to s.f. fandom, and I think the only way to try and
understand, let alone comprehend, zines or apas is just
to read them and see how individual styles between dif-
ferent personalities is conveyed through the appearance
and narrative style. For example, I can tell a Dick
Smith zine a mile away, even if it was just dittoed.
He writes just like he talks!! And I have been commented
to about my endless dribbling all over my
con reports and my endless sentences. So there. Try
taking a look at some other fanzines sometime and you
might be interested in how they look and read. And of
course, there is always Janus, which has got to be one
of the prettier ones around, although some people ~~argue~~
discuss animatedly the value of its content. If you'd
like to see one sometime, just ask.//
Re: looking at things optimistically. Yea, it sure helps,
as I am trying to swim upstream right now, and trying to
keep a good outlook on things, but its getting kind of
rough....but just keep coming to Thursdays and we'll all help.

Yesterday's Sigh, I would love to be able to become a
Tomorrow's member of an electronic APA, but first can
today I get an Apple?? What, is that a roaring
 from the audience I hear?? If you will
kindly pass this hat, all contributions will be cheerfully
acknowledged and .1K of memory will be named after each
donor. Seriously, a most interesting column, er, section,
Bill. After PLATO though, everything else seems so small
and inefficient. Yes, I know PLATO costs a lot of big \$\$,
but that was perhaps the one system designed to indeed
handle large blocks of text, efficiently; expensively,
yes, but it does the job. I find that educators/training
personnel who look fondly at the price tags of micros,
but have visions of PLATO file-handling capacities in their
minds are often sadly disillusioned. Of course, you and I
know that a tiny 8K machine cannot do much other than dribble
at the keys, but a lot of people 'out there' think that
everything they've ever seen from IBM is now available for
\$495. Hm, mebbe for \$1500, it might be, but not \$495.

Anyway, the reason for this spiel, is that note-files and
apa-files are nice, and for most APAs, the idea of contri-
butions and mailings being handled on diskette is most intriguing,
but then the problems of incompatibility could be enormous.
A complete software package available to each APA member,
with adaptions for everyone's own micro would also indeed
be nice. But what about the ambitious person who made
their own version of homebrew TRAPPLEPETS? What about the
adaptations of software for that type of system?? Argh,
nightmares floating through my mind of indescipherable
code!! Anyway, most interesting section to read!!//
Re: 1980 is upon us....yes, it is only 4 years to a best-
selling year, isn't it? Ever think of it from a child's
viewpoint? How would you like to be born in 1984? Or
how would you like to have a child in 1984?? That is some-
thing interesting which has crossed my mind when thinking
of child-rearing, etc. How could I have a child in the
year when all superstitions say that society is going to
collapse? But then some of us are having doubts about the
ability of society to survive intact through 1983, let alone
1984. Enough said.//

Re: Mushroom Planet. I just finished Mr. Bass' Planetoid
and did enjoy it. I found that my local school library
has the entire collection, so I am working my way through
the rest of the series too. Good point was made at the Thursday
night at Dick's though, how does one go about obtaining/
buying copies of the books if one doesn't want the library
editions? I haven't seen them in hardcover let alone paper,
have you? Have you read Disturbing the Universe yet? Excel-
lent, but contains more than can just be casually read
through, such as philosophical/moral issue stands and discussions.
One of these days G_T will just have to try and talk it
all out. But excellent book nonetheless.

KWIP I thoroughly enjoyed your zine, a truly individual
 #1 approach!! I also had the ~~pleasure~~ visual delight
 in seeing your zine in Slanapa (courtesy of Dick
 Smith ~~who keeps threatening not to let me read his zines any-~~
~~more.~~ //

I found myself wandering around the state of Colorado in
 mid-April, just after I got ApaTech 6. Kicked myself upon
 return to Chicago for not calling, as I passed through
 Boulder on my travels. *Sigh* Oh well. I think Denver
 is one of the less attractive cities that I have ever seen,
 although the Hilton should do an adequate job on Denvention.
 It wasn't until I got out of that city, and headed west
 and north that I saw what I had thought Colorado would be--
 fantastic mountains. Went through the Eisenhower Tunnel
 and then back across the Loveland Pass just to go over the
 tunnel. Also went through Estes Park and as far as the
 roads were open through Rocky Mountain Nat'l Park. I won't
 attempt to describe the country as you should be well
 acquainted with it, and it has been sung about enough. But
 Leadville was a strange little town, with a decent local
 restaurant but some strange looking cowboy fellows in the
 bar. I paid my bill and left in a hurry. I will leave
 Colorado and the mountains to all the West buffs (you know
 them, the-only-heaven-on-earth-is-in-the-Rockies-crowd),
 if they will leave the Green and White mountains and New
 England to me.//

Didn't mean to grumble much about my family's present-giving
 habits at Christmas. It was just that I ODed on home-love-
 and-apple-pie after 1 week, and got tired of the whole
 Christmas rush experience. On the whole, I always am at
 home for Christmas as I need to be with my family/relatives
 to remember that there are some things which endure year
 after year. I wouldn't miss it for a week-long Ishercon.
 But after 1 week it can get stifling. But I still love them all.

Transporter What are those little drawings that livened
 Topics up TT#4? Are they hand-drawn or from a let-
 tering set or what? //

Re: late bloomer. I always seem to feel 2-3 years behind
 my actual chronological age. Or, when I was 18 I felt 16,
 and at 23 I felt mebbe 19, and at 25 I felt 23, and at 26,
 I am well, ambiguous. Still as insecure as at 19, but less
 tolerant than at 21, or mebbe just less naive.//

Re: music. See note about Chicago Semi-Pro Musica at
 the beginning of this ~~fine piece of literature~~ zine.
 I sing in/with it because I like to think that I can do more
 with my voice, other than just make noise and say nonsense.
 Now, as to whether the rest of the world agrees with me, well,
 that is another matter entirely. I think that Jimi Hendrix'
Are You Experienced must be kept as an example of music in
 1968-70 at its State of the Art.

Young and Any comments on the Apple yet? Hm, that buy-
Abroad it-at-16K and upgrade-it-to-48K-on-your-own
 trick seems to be common among Gt ~~I wonder why?~~
I was seriously thnking about getting one of the little
~~monsters~~ delightful creatures for my own, but I haven't been
frugal enough to manage the \$\$\$. Problem is that I want one
of my own so that I can poke at the CPU and figger out what
the phooey the big monsters that I ~~feared~~ cussed at all
these years really are. BUT I am not and never have been a
CS major/jock whatever, so I would probably poke something
wrong and have the whole thing blow up in my face. Anyway,
enjoy yours!! //Sans for the stereo. More details on the
technical make-up of it please.

Radio Is this zine coherent enough for you, Doug?
Stuntman It's not type-set, but at least the typing
 should be legible. Good description of the
moving party though. Wasn't it good to see your couch
un-up-ended at Thursday night at Dick's? ~~The apt. was still~~
~~miraculously by Mr. Clean though!!~~
Re: agragrian society, or getting-back-to-the-good-old-days.
I personally would not survive for very long in a totally
agragrian society without some drastic adaptive behavior
changes. But I do not regard camping as an atrocity,
just as a reminder that we don't have electricity all of
the time, and yes, we do have to co-exist even with those
~~blobsuckers~~ flies. And you can never really see all the
stars anywhere where there are electric lights and tele-
vision sets. Gads, but I detest mobile-home-size campers.
You might as well camp-out in the parking lot of a shopping
mall for the electrical power and sewage outlets that those
travelling Winnebagles require. But it was nice when they
invented insect repellent.//So if you don't love camping,
just try and remember how to light a fire without a Bic
lighter, ok?

Smith's All right, so you showed me how to use the type-
Corona setter and see where it got you? Me hanging all
 over you at DL, but that is another story. And
yes, see I can actually write a whole sentence!! Isn't that
amazing?? But my style has its admirers....
Re: reading Hal Clement's stuff. Hmph, find me a techie
(other than you) who rants about Clement and I will read
and discuss.
Re yr ct me: hope you're happy. You look it sometimes.
Enough said.

Quality Inn Bravo!! Best con report written from a col-
 Rug Heist lective conscious in this apa!! More, more,
 and does anything INTERESTING happen??
 Or is it just boring because all techies wrote it and we
 all know that techies have no....~~there is the obligatory~~
~~reference to that cliché in this ish!~~

Etain What is this?? No bandersntach in ApaTech 6?
 Corflu Have you sworn them off? But your cartoons
 are always endearing....hinthint, bribebribe,
 would you do some illos for WindyApa (if it ever gets started?)//
 Sheesh, some G_T members sure are adamant about Van Vogt's
 being worthless. Well, at least Isher came from somewhere.
 Sorry that I couldn't make the expedition to Houghton,
 but all sorts of other duties ~~despicable things~~ made it impossible
 for me to get away. *Sigh* Mebbe someday....When is
 there going to be a Beserker in west 'burbia this summer?

Eye Doug, I refuse to write or comment twice to you
 Tracks this ish, so you'll just have to take it on
 faith that I read it. But I did have fun at
 HoosierCon and I am glad that you and Gretchen made it.
 Grrrrr, grrrrr, I am still sad at the loss of the zeppelin
 but that is another story which doesn't bear repeating
 here....and the Hokagan made a respectable showing, anyway.//
 Re: marriage attitudes. I find this interesting myself
 because every time I think of toying with the idea of
 "will I ever live with someone again?" (the last time it
 was two years long) I have to answer myself also asking
 "do I want to risk it again or is it time for me to be
 thinking of just settling down and getting married" with
 "I just don't want to risk divorce" and all sorts of other
 vagaries. And then of course as I am in my child-bearing
 prime years, I am also having to answer my inner questions
 about when/how/if/do I want to have children and then the
 biological question of how long do I wait/and who will be the
 other person be? (Don't be scandalized, I will be married
 first, but that raises the marriage question again and I go
 around in circles for days with those questions.) And no,
 I don't find fandom particularly anti-marriage, but the
 question is is how a relationship between strongly fannish
 and strongly mundane types can survive. I mean fandom is
 not just exactly going out to the bowling league once or
 twice a week. So how can relationships survive if people
 aren't both fannish or mundane? Is fandom as bad as religion
 when it comes to "mixed" marriages?//
 Re: my zine readability. Have the last few been any
 better? Now, you have no excuse for short mcs!
 Re: STtM. Well, it was a TV episode blown up to 2 hours.
 I have refrained from reviewing Empire so far in this
 ish as everyone has talked it over 1000000⁵⁰ times at
 Whatcon but perhaps in the next mailing....or should we let
 dead dogs party instead?

Tales from Keith it was good to see you in a much
the Charmed Sea better state of mind lately and in this
 ish. It really hurt to see you feeling
so out, and don't you dare apologize for it. Just hope that
you realize that there are people in Chicago who care a lot
and you simply brought that out in us. Suffice to say that
well if you have to go to California, um, er, go but you
will be sadly missed. And that is all that I will say.
Re: your velour. How can anyone stroke velour in a
zine? Enough said. And your velour will be sadly missed too.
I have got to stop this.....

Right to Carry Quite a statement, Mary Lynn. Problem is
Lasers ~~As it's always been~~ is education of the
 masses, fannish or otherwise. But GT is
the logical, sane agency to do it as best we can. Pat
me on the back when I build my first blinkie,ok? Thanks for
your help at Whatcon. You and Trembley give me hope that
I will understand circuit stuff yet. // Hopefully see you
again in ApaTech 7.

Bunny's Mike, well, do you know who I am now?
MuBetan After Whatcon, I am tired of having discussions
 about security. But now maybe you'll know
my fac.e It's easy to tell which one you are. Exactly
why I am not sure. But at least I always recognize your
zine!!// And it all isn't your fault!

***** *****

Six and ½ pages of mailing comments?? What did I do, actually
read ApaTech 6? Well, hope that that makes most of you
members feel appreciated, and happy anniversary!!

***** *****

OttCon On Saturday, May 31, some members of GT had the
 ~~amplious~~ pleasure of attending Chuck Ott's moving
 in-and-out party. Seriously, Chuck has a rather
unique dwelling place, with a distinctive staircase and floor
in the lofty ~~and second~~ second story. Ask me about it sometime.
But what eveolved at the party, was a small GT filksing led
by the renowned Bill & Barry show. (We were honored by the
presence of both Niki Ballard and Barry Gehm in Chicago that
weekend). Groans were heard to emanating occasionally from
the following gathered around Bill & Barry at their outrageous
~~plans~~ outbursts of wisdom, but a generally raucous and delightful
evening was had by all. Why bring this up at all even? Well,
I had this peculiar reaction watching everyone sitting and
singing and being so damn lovable, and folks it is as simple as,
for those of you that I know in Chicago and environs--I like
you all, lots!! And love your company..... Valli

A circular logo for 'SINGH'. The letters 'S' and 'H' are positioned at the center, facing each other. Radiating from this central point are numerous thin lines that connect to the letters of the name 'SINGH' arranged in a circular path around the center. The letters are in a stylized, outlined font.

colophoncolophoncolophoncolophoncolophoncolophoncolophoncolophoncolophon
oI Apa-Tech(7); Singularity(4); Steve Johnson(?); who until Ic
lI recently ~~was~~/"Meh"/ inhabited Bell Labs; now at OSU dept. o
oI of Anesthesiology (eat your heart out, Alex) Il
phoncolophoncolophoncolophoncolophoncolophoncolophoncolophoncolophoncolo

(voices in the distance mutter "Where's his Diabale Terminal Now?")

Well, here I am back on the old Smith-Corona; the Unix text-editing system, among other things, forsaken in an impulsive and well-meditated switch from Corporate American Research back to the warmth and comfort of Academia.

I guess I went to Bell Labs with expectations only a smidge lower than the sky - as inevitably happens, they weren't fulfilled. I got the itch last November when everyone but yours truly left for Christmas vacation leaving your author roaming the deserted halls of Columbus Works in search of interesting things to stick my nose into which. Aggravation mounted when, in January after everyone returned, still nothing was done on a project which had mountains of work to do and only long-range deadlines to meet.

February brought a little consulting and little but thrashing (in the OS)sense of the word) at work. Running out of parts one Saturday afternoon caused Jerry (Hansell) & I to visit his lab in search of said parts. Ingvar (the coordinating engineer (for want of a better term)) made me an offer I couldn't refuse, so here I am designing with Jerry a monitoring system for the Anesthesia Dept.

I empathize with your soul-searching, Keigh...I did a little myself in February and March before I could justify the move. Not the least of the process was resolving the disparity between expectations and outcomes. Right now I'm working day-to-day and just seeing what the future brings. Needless to say, I am still able to make car payments (an understatement).

Those of you at Marcon undoubtedly heard me complain bitterly about not finishing a robot on time for the convention. I had hoped to run the thing on the approximate third anniversary of Joe's premier. An entirely new data transmission system and Z-80 - based controller are among the technological changes; a Lexan shell and acrylic dome among the cosmetic. See upcoming issues of Pyrotechnics for schematics & other info, and look at the adfor the ultrasonic ranger design kit later this ish. I'd like to get one to keep the robot from hitting walls, kids, people's ankles, etc. but would rather not spend \$125, thank you very much. The inventor at Polaroid seems for some reason reluctant to bestow one upon me gratis (drat!)

I think I'll succumb to the temptation to tell you a little about the new robot transmission system anyway. Skip ahead if you must, but I'm proud of this...

The fundamental problem with the old touch-tone^(R) system was that seven (count 'em, folks, Seven) tone-decoders each had to be tuned to the correct frequency relatively frequently (depending on temperature changes and the ministrations of a certain Robert Q. Halloran). This, combined with the slow settling time and fast drop-out time of the tone-decoder circuit I used, encouraged me to look around seriously for a viable alternative.

About a year or so ago I ordered a couple of the little modem boards from Electronic Systems that Alex said didn't work very well. They were cheap/attractive, and I was able to make them work first time I tried (always a good sign). They sat on my bench a year during Master's Thesis, starting to work at Bell, and finally were hauled out, dusted off, and re-tuned (see below) a couple weeks ago. A UART, a crystal oscillator, a couple counter ICs, and an FM microphone from Radio Shack made the mix complete. The oscillator and counters provided the 4800 Hz for the UART, and the modem schematics provided the FSK encoder. Audio output from CMOS inverters driven linearly went into the mic to come out between WOSU and WXRT around 90.5 MHz. Using LSTTL parts, the whole mess draws 72 mA at 9 vdc, with a range of 50 feet indoors. The receiver is an FM table radio stripped of such non-essentials as a volume control, AM antenna (and as much of the AM section I could easily remove without altering FM reception), etc, and fortunately runs very nicely off of 12 vdc. The FSK decoder, also copied from the little modem board, is comprised of one IC, six resistors, six caps, and one lonely little pot. With no trouble at all the system transmits 30 bytes of data per second, and (coincidentally?) uses the frequencies of a phone-type modem, so conceivably any computer could control the robot if hooked up to an FM transmitter. Now to get two-way communication established...

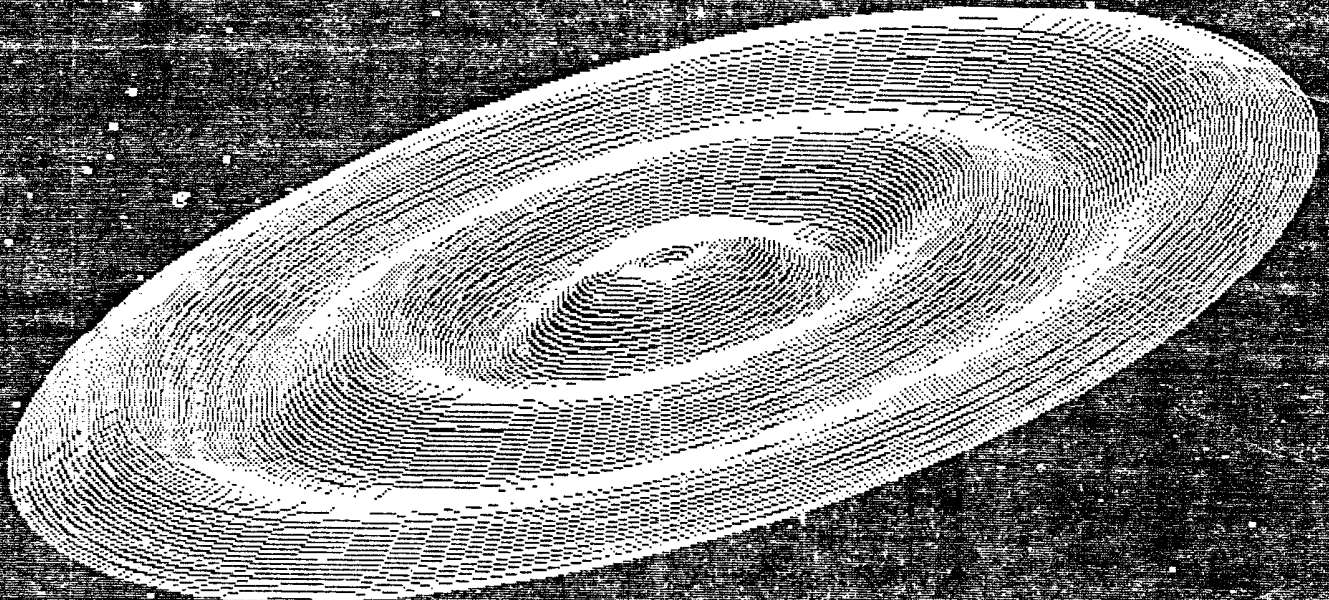
The particularly nice thing about the transmitter and receiver is that they have only one pot each, and each circuit

HOT FLASH

If you buy the Radio Shack FM wireless mic that I used, remove the tuning slug from the inductor...it fixes the transmitted frequency at about 104.3 MHz, but also boosts the trans. signal power by quite a bit (all right you radio wizards, why?)

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*****
*
*   T H I S   S P A C E   F O R   R E N T
*
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NGC 3721 - Object of Unknown Origin discovered in the
Great Nebula of Orion by the Second Galac-
tic Survey Expedition, May 16, 2180



One of the benefits of the new job can be seen above. This was output on the ~~LOW~~ LOW resolution graphics display on the system - a mere 512x512 points, either on a screen or, in this case, on the thermal printer. The HP 9845, a mere bagatelle as far as desktop computers go, can be programmed in BASIC (either that or shut it off & walk away). Two 16-bit processors handle computation and I/O independently. Ask me for a demonstration the next time you're in Columbus...

Well, I'm off to address wedding invitations and do more of the zillions of details necessary to prepare for the wedding. Next time, peoples.....

LASERGRAM #1

a zine for APATech # 7 by David D. Levine 4210 N. Farwell Av., Shorewood, WI, 53211, (414) 962-4719. Hello.

Gosh, here I am in the wide wonderful world of APATech...what am I going to say? I suppose I should begin with a little biodata. I was conceived in Syracuse, NY, born in Minneapolis, MN, spent six years there but moved out before the permafrost reached my brain, lived in Milwaukee, WI until last year, when I went off to Washington University in St. Louis, but I'm back in Milwaukee until the summer is over. Aren't fen mobile? My First Contact with fandom came at X-con '77 and I've been addicted ever since. I first came in contact with GT at Windycon 4 but didn't get around to sending in my stamps until about three cons later. I've always been intrigued by gadgets, and I've been able to wire a 555 from memory since 9th grade. Obviously, I never did learn how to type properly, but I manage better when I'm not in a hurry (this is Thursday when this zine is due X-con Friday). Enough of excuses, back to reality (or some semblance thereof). Since joining GT I have compiled an Index to the Fyro which I am still waiting for Jeff Duntemann to publish, for he said "Oh, let's put it in the Techie Handbook! I'll have the Handbook ready as soon as I get my text processor together." As we all know, he's gone through two text processors since and is now looking for another one. The last time I spoke to him he said that it was August for sure. I have a question for all you masochists who've read this far: should I index cartoons? I haven't so far but it wouldn't be more than a few hours work to put them in. I am also the proud owner of three lasers, one of which will be leaving me soon for better employment with an artist friend.

Is it necessary to make a major scientific breakthrough each issue? I'm afraid I'm more on the tinkering end of things. Presumably I'll know a bit more theory after more schooling, but now I'm not up to that sort of thing. Since I don't think I can afford to repro more than a few pages, I'd better start with the mailing comments. Compared with APA:DAVID, the other APA I'm in, this thing is HUGE!

COVER: Very Nice! does GISS stand for General Technics Survey Ship? Do you think we'll be up to that by 2100? We can't even get a mass-driver together today. Unfortunately my copy got wet somewhere in transit and some of the colors ran.

555 TIMES: One thing I must comment on is that when using funny typewheels you must be careful that all the odd characters are what you expect them to be. Did you notice that you have a British pound sign where # should be, a vertical line instead of !, but I do see that you knew you didn't have a & sign. Is the problem that you ran the mimeo master through the printer and didn't have another when you noticed the errors? By the way, where did you get a text processor that handles ~~obscenities~~ croosouts like that?

Oh, happy birthday.

QUINTESSENTIAL SINGULARITY: Gad, what a zine! This thing could stand alone as a fanzine. (it's thick enough to stand up alone, anyway!)

Page the second

Congratulations on getting such a fine job. Most of the people I know are trapped in mundane jobs and I hope to avoid that when I finally enter the job market (this summer I'm working at a theatre for practically no pay: I don't really consider that a job). You're moving into a Village? What is your number?

I know what you mean about Saturn 3 and the Starlog interview: I had decided not to go until I read the interview. It's clear that many of the nice ideas he talked about simply didn't come through. There was a concept which seemed interesting on paper, which was that Adam and Alex had "antiques" from the late 20th century in their quarters, but on film these items just looked anachronistic (not even creatively anachronistic!). Barry's designs were the best part of the film and they were spoiled by being poorly dressed. The special effects were pure crap, inexcusable in a film of this budget. For me good effects can save an otherwise poor film (Star Trek - the Motion Sickness was an exception to this rule since the effects were badly misused within the film). for this reason I thought The Black Hole was better than Saturn 3. Only the infamous "heaven and hell" sequence (aside from some incredible technical bloopers) kept TBH from being really good.

I'm sorry you've put the kibosh on starbows. Have you ever seen Ctein's painting of a forward view from a ramscoop ship? He produced the starbow in it from a computer program, too, and it was extremely mild: not a full-color extravaganza, but the stars were in an arc: near the center and edges of the view they'd been shifted to invisibility.

Not having read Trouble in Aquila, I don't understand the next few pages. Is it a novella or what? Where can I find it?

Re your CT Mu-Betan: the problem with Saturn in Saturn 3 was that it was 1) pink and 2) flat. Ich.

Re your CT Off The Top Of My Head: have you considered sticking colored map pins into cork-backed black velvet for your animated starflight? If you were to paint them with a tiny dot of Dayglo paint and film them under black light the effect would be quite nice. The only problem I can see is that it's a lot of hand labor, but it's easier than hand-drawing each frame!

Oh, you're interested in anagrams? Have you tried palindromes?

SEE ME, FEEL ME: The title isn't important, it's the content that matters. At this moment this zine has no title: I'll think one up when I get out my Zip-a-tone. The way things seem to be going in this APA I feel free to change the title as needed, anyway.

YESTERDAY'S TOMORROW'S TODAY: Here are my thoughts on electronic APA's: they're prejudicial to those of us poor slobs who can't afford such devices (note that this is typed by hand rather than computer-typeset like most of the zines in this APA (or so it seems sometimes)). Besides, they would be much more efficient at consuming the time so few of us have to spare anyway. I was on a sort of electronic APA once: it was a division of something called PANALOG, which was sort of an electrAPA for information scientists, and it was called TEENCOM. On it were mostly deaf kids and most of what they had to say was high-school

Page the third

mundane stuff, so I got off. PANALOG was too technical for me. It was basically a scientific journal for information scientists. Granted, it was a great way to communicate, but it was based on a huge system and most of the people on it were tied in through their universities' systems, so none of them had to pay for it. I have access to my schools' computers, but I'd have a hard time convincing them to let me tie in to an electrAPATech and I lack the expertise to do it serruptitiously.

Re your comments on chimp language: I saw on some program (Nova?) that Lucy attempted to teach a younger chimp AMESLAN. One thing: I can't tell from this issue whether you believe that chimps can communicate or not. I never read any previous issues. It's always hard to get into the middle of anything.

I still haven't seen Cosmos. I don't think any station in this area is carrying it. Is it PBS or syndicated? Does anyone have videotapes of it?

Probably the best way to keep a gun from going off in the holster is to put on a trigger guard. Most weapons in GT lack this feature, mine included. My newest laser pistol (not quite completed at this writing) has a keyswitch in the base of the handle, and one of the best designs for a safety I've ever seen was (regrettably) on a Sandman pistol: it was designed with a switch in the back of the handle such that when grasped for firing it would begin to charge. Very natural.

for some odd reason that reminds me of a weapon I've always wanted to do, but would be as difficult as the Soft Weapon (and I mean the real one, not a Nerf blaster): a Deathworld pistol, which straps to the inner arm and springs into your hand when you crook your fingers into firing position. In use it was practically as easy as "point at it and it's dead". The closest I've ever come to building something like that was a gizmo that strapped to the lower arm and poked its blinkie barrel out of your shirt cuff. It had an adjustable band around the arm so that it fired when you clenched your fist. The problem was that it was difficult to adjust, too sensitive to normal movement of the hand, and at the time I didn't have any way to make the case. That was before I knew how to work Plex.

Speaking of which, Tullio had his article on how to work Plex way back in Pyro 7. How many people have that one? Is there enough demand to justify a reprint?

KWIP: the most humorous zine I've ever seen in an APA. Yes, I was really surprised that Disney would kill off anyone as nastily as they killed off Holland (no blood, though). There is yet hope. By the time this is published The Watcher in the Woods may be out, and it has some promise. We'll see.

Gad, here I am at the bottom of page 3 and I'm less than halfway through the APA. I don't know if I can afford too many pages, so I'll keep the rest of the mailing comments short. Don't be miffed, people.

TRANSPORTER TOPICS: I believe Niven has explanations for the discrepancies between Protector and history. At the Dead

Page the (gulp) fourth

Dog party in Chicago after Whatcon, I asked him point-blank "are we really descended from yeast or Pak?" and he said "Pak. What's more, so is every anthropiod down to tarsiers." So we may yet find out what really happened to the Pak. If you want to know more details, he told the whole story to Mary Lynn.

QUALIFYING EXAMINATION: Who put this in? I saw this once many years ago, and have always wondered where I might get another copy. Thanks, whoever you are.

VIKING FUND: Ditto to above. I'll be sending \$20 out of my first paycheck this summer to them.

YOUNG & ABROAD....: Even though I've never worked with an Apple (I'm used to big school systems, too) I really want one because of the comparatively new synthesizer programs which are available for it. Pant, pant, drool, drool.

How small are the cassette deck and turntable? I've seen microtuners and microamps, but how can you make mechanical systems much smaller? By 18 inch speakers, do you mean diameter or total height?

I, too am quite fond of Hogan. I reacted only lukewarmly (?) to Inherit the Stars, but my opinion of him goes up with each new work. I haven't yet bought Thrice Upon A Time but I will soon.

RADIO STUNTMAN: Ah, yes, another great fannish moving story (or is that another great moving fannish story?). I recently participated in a move which, although only a few blocks in distance, was from immediately after a Wednesday night meeting and lasted until 2 AM, much of which was spent in the back of an overloaded station wagon trying to keep things from falling out the back.

You mean that small amount of furniture looking lonely in Dick Smith's place isn't even his? Dick, how can you live without furniture to prop up your body on?

I will withhold comment on these colonization notes until I have more money.

SMITH'S CORONA: Is Datalogics a house or a business? Would you please explain the gibberish on page 4? I got the part that said "this is not the way I intend to communicate" but what is the first (last) part supposed to be? Is this a reference to something in a previous ish? Do I ask too many questions?

Further comment on RADIO STUNTMAN: If Doug Van Dorn is the Radio Stuntman, does that make his wife Gretchen Stuntemann? (wince)

Q-IHN CON REPORT: Do I have to comment on con reports? I must state here that there is nothing wrong with watches that go "feepfeepfeepfeep". Something really ought to be done about Sunday con mornings, though. Something like cancelling Monday. Is there any religion which sets aside Monday as a holy day? This would give you an excuse not to show up wherever on Monday so you could sleep late on con Sundays. But what is the reference in ((And remember techies have....))?

Page the (awk) fifth

DR. GONZO'S: Hi Valli. Did you know there is a Starsky (or is it Hutch? I never cared which one was which) Hoka wandering about Fandom called David Hoski? Thanks for the crash after Whatcon. I never did get a chance to thank you.

Interesting cover, but not my style.

I begin to realize why it seems everybody in this APA has access to professional typesetting facilities...everybody uses Datalogics'!

I'd be more than happy to hug a velour person tonight (it'll be this morning in a few minutes) but there don't seem to be any around...

MADISON INN CON REPORT: I stopped going to Wiscons after just one because of the abominable hotel accomodations. I am one who likes to wander around cons in costume and wandering about a block in a Madison February tends to put a bit of a chill on things, so to speak. I also took exception to the militant feminism of the con as a whole. Have things changed any? From reading this report, obviously not. Hi Valli.

ETAION CORFLU: Unfortunately, this is very difficult to read, but let's slog on. It's from Mr. Bill, it must be worth reading...

You mention Fads & Fallacies, one of my all time favorite non-fiction (?) books. Every time I go from Milwaukee to Chicago I pass the University of Lawsonomy (it has a sign about 200' long on the highway) and wonder if it still really exists. Somebody once mentioned that their school's golf team once played U. of L.'s, but that's all I know about them. My copy of F & F is about 20 years out of date now and I wonder what's happened since. Has Gardner brought out a newer edition?

Re your CT Dick, how do you expect to get hot water out of Power Dogs, except in the minute quantities you might be able to squeeze out of them? Perhaps your intention was to hook up the cables to opposite ends of Al and immerse him in water? Where would you have gotten the horses, anyway?

I am all in favor of the Tutorial Berserker. I can offer my services as teacher of sewing or any tech theatre stuff (if there's call for that) although I'm sure there is somebody in GT who can do anything I'm proud of better than I can. My schedule of Berserkers is questionable at best this summer, as I will beyond doubt be working weekends.

I wish I could get Thunderbirds here, but there's too much city between me and Chicago. South Side folks tell me they receive Channel 9 just fine. My favorite show as a child was Stingray, and one of my earliest memories was the day they cancelled Supercar. Can't read the rest of your zine, too bad. I was just getting interested.

EYE TRACKS: can be removed by one of the Four and Twenty Magic Stones of Fandom, another of which will summon an elevator whenever required. I don't think anybody has ever sat down and listed all 24. Any suggestions out there?

You talk about our Sen. Proxmire screwing up funding. There was a fine new verb in The Patchwork Girl, used thus: "the L5 project's funding was proxmired in Congress"...very descriptive. You have data on SEP? I may have mentioned at Whatcon that when I heard that ion drive gives off a blue glow in atmosphere, I was seized with the idea to put one into a model spacecraft

Page the (I promise I'll stop soon) sixth

for a nifty effect. Is it possible to build one in one's home shop?

There's a lot of nifty stuff worth commenting on in this zine but I must press on or I'll never get it finished in time to get it reproed in time to get it to X-con in time to hand it to Renee in time to get it into collation #7 in time for everybody to read it. Also consider that as the night wears on the number of typos per page goes up and my speed decreases as a result. As this function approaches infinity I spend infinite time and produce no readable output, just yards and yards of used Ko-Rec-Type.

TALES FROM THE CHARMED SEA: Would you care to explain your title to a new reader?

Fandom can be considered to be truly religious or truly anti-religious, depending on your definition of "religious".

I heard some of Hitchhiker's Guide (or is that spelled with just 2 h's?) at Whatcon and found it difficult to understand what was going on, having come in in the middle. It was, nevertheless, funny.

THE RIGHT TO CARRY LASERS: As one who has done his best to contribute to the proliferation of lasers in GT, I must wholeheartedly concur. The buffons at Minicon really overstepped their bounds.

THE BUNNY'S MUBETAN AND THEN I'M DONE: Again, could you please explain your title to one new to the APA?

I was really stunned when Walter Carlos became Wendy: he was one of my favorite artists for a very long time. I had thought that Wendy wasn't doing any musical stuff: when he became a she she gave up all of his old life. I haven't yet heard the new Brandenburgs, but I was also a bit disappointed to hear that that was her/his first new work in...how long? Since The Well-Tempered Synthesizer I've gotten into the sort of "strange" music popular with Cap'n Al and that crowd. Vangelis is an interesting fellow I'd like to know more about: I've never seen his albums in the sort of mass-market stores I sometimes pop into if I find I can't borrow the records I want to tape them. I love cassettes.

One thing about Brave New World that really irked me was the abysmal quality of the set dressing and props. Did you notice that Savage's apartment was a thinly-disguised first class section from a Boeing 747? And you'd think that by the time of Brave New World we'd at least have Touch-Tone birth control. But I can't wait for Kubrick's The Shining.

Why do you put in this bit of advice about large computer installations? How many of us even dream of ever being able to do such a thing as install a large computer (have nightmares, maybe, but dream never)?

Imaginative as Whalebone...nice metaphor (simile, sorry). Almost out of paper here and I'm NOT going to go on, so until next ish I remain...

David D. Levine
David D. Levine

Uncle Dave's Journal

Hello Folks. Bet you didn't expect to hear from me! When I told Renee that I was going to be sure to submit something to Apa-Tech, she said, "I've heard that story before." Well, she was right, I've been promisin' a long time and delivering nothing.

I suppose that I have met a good number if not all of you in my various visits to conventions and berserkers. But, if you still don't recall my face (as much as it pains me to say this) just picture that person who is often caught standing under a moderately silly hat or two or..... well if you remember that person it was probably me under that pile. Or maybe remember some big numbers? Nevertheless, a man isn't the junk with which he surrounds himself. I'm studying Welding Engineering at Ohio State University. School and helping at home put alot of time pressure on me so that I don't often get a chance to attend conventions, and I guess I also have to admit that I'm not Daddy Warbucks yet, either.

Anyway, its about time to end the domination of Apa and Pyro by the milliamp and the micro-electronic. Welding, as you probably know, often requires the metals, which in turn, (melting of) requires relatively high energy densities. (on the order of $10 \exp 6$ joules/kilogram of matter) (just to give you an idea of relative energy densities, we constantly live in an environment of nearly $8.7 \times 10 \exp 4$ joules/kilogram of matter (people can tolerate environments of roughly 4.2 to $12.5 \times 10 \exp 4$ j/kg) and most metals are instantly vaporized by energy densities in the range of $10 \exp 7$ j/kg) Certainly though, most welding processes involve tens to thousands of amps and temperatures on the order of 1500 kelvins. And, at the risk of a gross understatement, welding involves probably the "highest" technologies presently in use.

I guess to illustrate this fact I could point out the case of United Technologies stab at building an automated welding process utilizing control systems which (designed for the Apollo Command Module) were satisfactory to deal with the problem getting to the moon safely and back failed miserably to provide the performance needed create dependable, consistant weldments. Things have improved since the early seventies but the state of the art of automated welding is stumbling through what can only be compaired to the stone age. The largest robot manufacturers in the United States, Cincinnati Millicron, Unimation, etc. produce mainly "robots" which will be used primarily for or in conjunction with a welding process. The smartest of these though marvels of data processing capability has far less intellectual capability then a cockroach. Yes sir, welding has thrown itself so hungrily at the computer industry that the few computer jocks involved in developing these systems

have been drained nearly to impotency. Still, welding is an art which is being overwhelmed by a full scale invasion of scientists, programmers and engineers. The age of the ignorant robot will end. And, if you're lucky you'll be part of this push. Robots are not the only frontier of welding. The adaptive welding process utilizing dedicated processors to control the formation of bonds is just one of many new directions welding is exploring. A few more facts and figures, over 60% of the manufactured products in the U.S. contain welds. Why, because welds are the simplest and cheapest way to put things together. This provides the tremendous driving force behind today's developments.

It didn't always use to be that way. Welding (except for some isolated cases of cold bonding and forging) was born in the twentieth century. Much of the fantastic wonders of technology are directly attributable to the development of welding and its related processes. Before 1902, steel had to be heated and chiseled in order to be cut. A simple man-hole in a tank took three men six hours to make. Oxy-acetylene cutting developed that year made the job take one man only five minutes to complete. Many people were as inclined to believe this was possible as were later to believe that the Wright brothers had not perpetrated a great hoax. But then again, the Wright's invention didn't allow one man with a torch to out produce a hundred using old practices at the price of a few dollars and a few days of training! Arc welding, through a court room battle originally intended to clinch the U.S. patent rights of an invention already patented in the U.K., was thrown out into the public domain after a series of intrigues led the conspirator who was supposed loose to press for victory. By the time the argument was over no one could claim clear rights. Hundreds of welding supply companies were soon formed including Union Carbide, General Electric, Lincoln Electric, etc. Howard Hughes owed almost his entire fortune to one welding process (flash but welding) which provided outstanding quality joints for oil well drill bits which was one of the principal products of Hughes Tool Co. an industrial giant which financed Howard's later acquisitions. Welding has also been under the greatest scrutiny of any manufacturing procedure. A simple but ignored metallurgical property (the ductile to brittle transformation temperature) haunted the welds of early WWII sending many mighty ships to the bottom of the North Atlantic. Part of the response to this and other such tragedies was the creation of OSU's dept. of Welding Engineering in 1945. Welds are now subjected to intense examination and quality control. Methods from physically breaking the part, to ultrasonic inspection, to X-radiography, to subthermal neutron radiography are commonly employed.

In the movie, The Empire Strikes Back, it was interesting to note that almost every one of the main characters was portrayed as being able to weld. This is probably mostly because

welding (especially arc welding) looks high tech. An arc is 6 to 10 times as bright as the sun on a clear day and as hot as the photosphere. And astonishingly, it is controlled by a man as easily as mowing the lawn. But stick electrode, gas tungsten, and to some extent gas metal arc welding are arts to be mastered with years of experience. The automation of welding is every bit as difficult as teaching a machine to paint in a fashion to make Picasso, Gauguin, or Da Vinci envious at five to a hundred times the rate of the deftest hand. But then again, paintings are valuable because they are rare, whereas, welds are best when you need profound quantities. Thus no one would even think of a painting machine, but mountains have been moved for a better welder. Space will be conquered by people who like put things together cheaper, faster, and better than can be achieved here in this atmosphere of unwanted forces, tenacious contaminants, and ruinous embrittling gasses. This I admit is contrary to the popular belief that space will belong only to he who can blow things apart the most efficiently.

Well, I've rattled on far too long about welding. I've been up to other things down here in Columbus. Starwind is still in the process of getting out issue No. 6. We took a rather disastrous set back when the interview we had scheduled for this issue was simultaneously sold to us and a magazine called Questar. Actually we bought the rights to the interview in February of this year and then the author turned around and resold it despite the contract he signed with us. We have referred the problem to the University Contracts Office and surprisingly they have become quite involved in helping us deal with it.

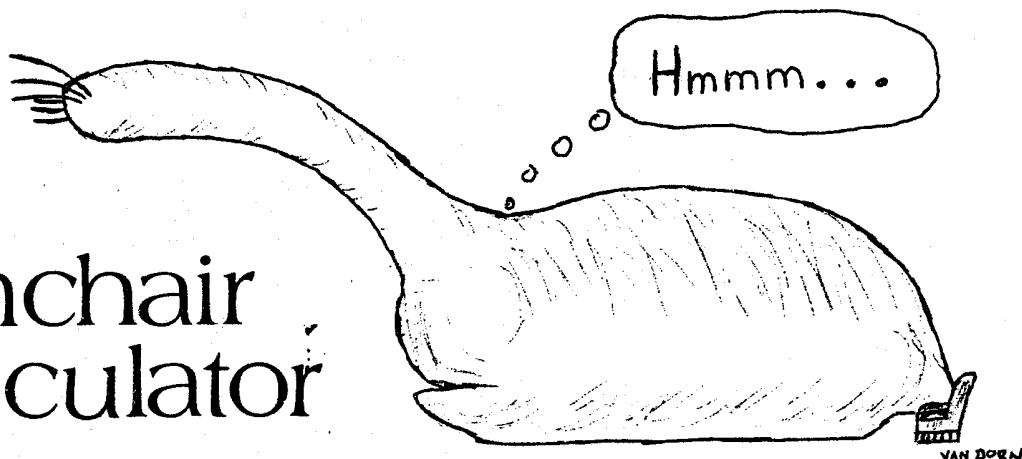
And, yours truly is still looking for a summer job. I really thought I was going to get a position with General Dynamics but they lost the bid on the cruise missile and weren't going to hire anyone while they were in the process of laying off half of their people (slight exaggeration). Anyway, there are a few more companies who haven't sent me their replies yet. So I really don't know what my plans for the summer are yet. It's a shame too because summer starts a few days from now. So much for grammar and proper English. First thing I get when I'm rich and famous is a secretary.

Otherwise, the quality of life in these parts is pretty good. I'm packing up to go wherever and I'll probably be there by the time most of you are reading this. Steve, Carol and Jerry have been a joy to live with, but of course, who would expect anything different? I'm expecting to get a good deal of flying time in this summer in order to practice for the FAA flight examination. Does a private pilot's licence equal a general class amateur radio licence in the eyes of techiedom? Or, are we totally electrocentronic? ~~Oh who gives a damn.~~

Oh, by the way, Bill when I told you how to refine gold from scrap I left out a few steps. I figure that I should put straight that explanation in case you're still interested. You start off the same as I told you before....well maybe it would be best if I just went through it step by step...First

you need a oxy-acetylene torch or a furnace that will make at least 2000 degrees F. This will be needed to melt the alloy scrap and later the pure Au. Next you'll need a large bucket filled about half way with water and a stirring stick, and probably a friend to either hold the crucible that you will also need or to stir the water. After you've got the alloy scrap well melted (the consistency of mercury on a warm day) stir the water so that it makes like a tornado in a bottle when you pull out the stirring rod. Then, while the water is swirling around you pour in the molten scrap about one third to one sixth the distance from the center. This process gives you homogenous scrap leaflets which will dissolve with a minimum of trouble and waste. Otherwise, you will have a great deal of difficulty dissolving all of the scrap in the aqua regia despite its famed corrosive nature. The next step is to mix up your aqua regia (3 parts HCl acid to 1 part nitric) you'll need a fume hood with plenty of ventilation power (at all cost..don't breath those fumes!)(use a large glass beaker and place it in a plastic dish rinsing vessel (to catch the overflow if the dissolution reaction gets violent when you add the scrap)) use about 2 milliliters of aqua regia for every gram of scrap that you are going to process. Slowly pour the scrap into the acid wearing rubber gloves and being sure the reaction doesn't get too violent by adding only a little bit at a time and observing the reaction. A yellow-orange gas will float off of the top and rise if your ventilation is good enough, Don't breath that either!. When all of the scrap has dissolved as much as it will, you fire up the bunsen burner that you'll also need and gently heat the solution up to 180 degrees F. without letting the temperature get any higher (you'll need to do this inside the fume hood inside the dish bucket incase the mixture boils over) this removes the nitric acid from the mix, at least most of it. "Boil" the mix down until the contents have nearly crystallized on the bottom and remove the mix from the heat. Add back a generous amount of HCl acid (only HCl) and filter through a Buchner funnel apparatus (see your high school or college chemistry handbook) The crystals that have built up in the funnel thing are silver chloride which should turn black on exposure to light. The fluid in the collecting flask should have everything else in it including a wee bit of nitric acid that just won't go away with heating. (by the way, this should be done under the hood also) Take the liquid which if I remember correctly is a real dark blue-green and pour it into another large clean beaker. Next you add Urea. (a teaspoon per 200 milliliters of liquid) You'll then need a fish tank "stone" to bubble Sulfur dioxide through the solution which means that you will probably be needing some sulfur dioxide also. (gas)(it comes in cylinders and is positively terrible to breath)(it should also only be used under the hood) As the SO₂ bubbles through the liquid you will see fine flakes of pure Au begin to precipitate out (see) of the solution. They will collect at the bottom and all you need to do to get them is to pour off the rest of the liquid very carefully as if it were a fine wine. This gold dust can then be melted down into bars or whatever. When you first melt the dust you should add a bit of Boric acid to the powder and mix until it is fairly evenly distributed, pour on the heat. When the gold melts, the boric acid will look like water and should be carefully poured off. Then heat the gold for a good long while to allow all the rest of the impurities to oxidize and disassociate themselves from the Au. Whalaa you're done. So am I. Bye.....

The Armchair Speculator



////////////////////////////////////
// This zine is being produced in the well-appointed //
// ~~danger~~basement at 7619 W. Clarence Ave., Chicago, //
// Il 60631. Should anyone ~~be~~ crazy enough to want to //
// call me, just dial (312)763-1376. //
////////////////////////////////////

ON THE HOME FRONT: It's been about a month, as I write this, since Elmhurst Fandom dissolved and relocated here, just a few short blocks from opulent Park Ridge (whose residents strongly resemble a dinner wine: aged, white and dry).

I must say circumstances are improving. Not only are my classes going well (there is a good possibility I may ace out this quarter, something I've only done once in my life), but I finally have a good line on a job. It seems there is this up-and-coming daily newspaper that covers the southern suburbs of Chicago. This newspaper has never kept a clip file, or morgue, and the publisher thinks it's time to start one. The person they are looking for would have journalistic experience and library skills.

Ahem, ahem, the journalist who worked in the university library self-consciously clears his throat. Well, I interviewed for the job this week, and was told by the managing editor I'm just the kind of person they're looking for. Next comes an interview with the publisher, the one who came up with this idea.

The job would entail working full-time while the morgue is being set up, then moving to part-time to maintain the files. As I see it, the full-time period should last a couple of months, during which time we could dig out from five months of unemployment. The ensuing part-time period would keep our heads above water while I keep going for that data processing degree. It will also give us the money to get to all those cons we haven't been seeing everyone at lately.

So, things is looking up. Now, all I have to do is be the first person in my teacher's memory to write a COBOL program that runs the first time through with no errors. That would wipe the smug look off his face.

Really, this basement is very well appointed. What other basement can boast of eleven hanging models and four cats? But I digress.

INTERNAL WORKINGS--First, Renee, I think I know where most of your \$5 budget overage came from--me. When I sent in my first zine, I was ~~really/stupid~~ uninformed and didn't know anything about dues, etc. You called, asking for \$5. I sent it.

When I sent my second contribution, I was ~~even/stupid~~ still not well informed, and sent another \$5 check. Both checks were cashed. But, my account before postage on my zine still reads \$4. I suspect that you haven't really spent \$6 of the \$10 I have sent. Voila, an extra \$5! Please take whatever ~~found/of~~ ~~flash~~ extra dues you need for the stapler out of that. Thanks.

Regarding the results of the first great APA-Tech poll, I must express my approval of the lack of name change. However, I have a comment on the grace period.

An 8.4-day-long grace period is fine, but have it extend past the first day of every other month. For instance, now this would work regarding APA-Tech 7: The deadline would be June 1. All members would have until June 9 to get their zines to Renee. The fact that X-Con falls inside this period would, of course, mean the people attending the con would be past deadline, but within grace. As soon as Renee got back from the con, she could start collating, secure in the knowledge that everyone who can has contributed.

As it stands, Renee will wait until June 15 to collate. The mailing will occur a day or two after, and we will receive it at least a week later. This, when most of us have given her our zines on June 6!

Therefore, I formally propose the grace period extend from the first day of the appropriate month through to the ninth day of the month, except in cases where a major midwestern convention will occur within three days of the end of the grace period. In this case, the grace period would end at the end of that con.

Simple? Good. Respond! React! Tell your OE how you feel!

((Sorry about that little outburst, Renee, but I sometimes get carried away doing this.))

Speaking of complaints (which I wasn't, but what the hell), I got tired of reading Renee's constant complaints over lack of covers, so I sat down last night and made one. It's for issue 8, though. I didn't have any sevens in my presstype (nor did I have the ability to write one or make one in roman numerals). The subject of the cover art I am keeping a secret (and it may remain one even after you see it), but here's a hint: What's larger than a breadbox, but smaller than Jinx?

It will be accompanied by a matching back cover. As of now I'm undecided whether to send them in with this zine or wait until I send my APA-Tech 8 zine. But, fair warning, Renee, you have one coming!

All this relates to some dabbling I've been doing in drawing. I ran across a full-page doodle I did eight years ago while in high school, and was impressed. It's not really very good, but it's better than some things I've seen in art shows. This inspired me to draw a couple of other things, which turned out a lot better.

third page? really?

Since I can't think of anything else to say right now, I'll move right along to.....

MAILING COMMENTS

555 Times--I definitely agree a really large stapler is needed. With a page count for the sixth issue of 84, most regular staples are way too small. I have had to restaple each issue I have, both from the front and from the back.

Nice to see some new blood in the APA (not that I was getting tired with the old blood, mind you), and it's also nice to see some non-GTers show their faces (writers? felt tips?) in the zine.

Anyone know how many new APAs these days are still going after a year? How many show such steady growth? How do I make my voice do this? Sincerely, we all owe ourselves a hearty round of ~~appléssanté~~ applause for one year of memorable writing.

QUINTESSENTIAL SINGULARITY: Ah, Greg, the most quintessentially singular one of us all. I knew one of the techies would start ordering satellites around one of these days.

Seriously, congrats on the job (even if it does place you out east more permanently). I'm afraid this will mean we will coincide at even fewer cons, thereby lowering the chance that I will ever see your spaceflight program.

A note on recording that for posterity: a good super 8mm camera will, if set up properly, take reasonably clear shots of TV screens. The flutter caused by the differing scan rates isn't nearly as bad as everyone makes it out to be. In general, it's a great way of storing your output away where it may be more generally accessible.

GREAT COVER!!!! One of the best ever! Thanks a lot, and keep 'em coming!

SEE ME, FEEL ME--Snicker, snicker, nudge, nudge, say no more, say no more! But, believe me, there are things that remotely resemble zines. None in this book, buutttt.....

Seriously, (I'm saying that a lot tonight, aren't I?) it's a fine-looking zine and lets you show off your writing ability. Keep up the good work (and the page count)!

YESTERDAY'S TOMORROW'S TODAY: All you left out was Tonight. Then you could compete with NBC's talk show lineup.

Again, my basic problem with what you keep saying about electronic APAs is the initial cost. I don't have a micro-computer, and won't be able to justify the cost of one for quite some time. This sounds to me similar to having a ham radio license: you hear so many good reasons for having one, including ease of communication over long distances. A ham radio obviates the need for a phone between two hams. Problem is, only people heavily into ham radio get licenses and use the radios. As you would expect, the majority of the talk on ham radios centers entirely on the subject of--you guessed it--ham radios.

It's already hard for non-computer people to follow conversations when computer jocks get together. An electronic APA based on the Apple II micro design and using floppies to mail the zine would, I am very much afraid, degenerate into a computer club. Most of the talk would be about microcomputers.

Now, you know, Bill, I have nothing against computers. They're handy tools and dandy toys. But limiting an APA membership to those who can program text editing, animate and generally make micros jump through hoops would exclude me. It would probably exclude at least half of the contributors to APA-Tech.

Remember, this that you're talking about would differ significantly from a PLATO notefile. Someone else already wrote most of the software for that system, so it doesn't exclude non-programmers. Also, 90% or somesuch of those who diddle with PLATO don't pay directly for it. They use the terminal at work or at school, so that doesn't necessarily exclude us broke fen.

Maybe what bothers me is the gleam I read into your eye as you propose these systems, knowing full well it excludes so many people, myself included. I guess that's how it gets, though, when you get into something (like computers) so deeply it starts affecting other areas of your life.

Another note: I agree totally with the thought of 1980 being "The Future." But remember, men have walked on the moon, the Russians have someone in orbit almost constantly (there are two Soviet astronauts circling the earth as I write this), nuclear power is supplying over half of Chicago's electricity (and, in fact, is powering the typewriter I'm using right now), smallpox has disappeared from the face of the earth, microcomputers are being built into every new car built in America (as part of the electronic ignition systems) and the job ENIAC, costing millions, was built to do in 1946 can now be done by a \$30 hand-held calculator. Maybe the future is here, after all.

KWIP: Nice zine, Kip. I did have some problems with the writing, but not as many as I had with Bentley's Mychine output at the end.

By the way, you hear about Star Trek the Blanket? Star Trek the Pillowcases sold separately.

TRANSPORTER TOPIC--That Qualifying Exam reminds me of my first Data Processing test. As for the medicine question, what about those who already had their appendixes removed? And in political science, I tried and succeeded in starting WWII a couple of weeks ago, but some guy named Orr in Portland took my points away. I can't even convince my teacher!

YOUNG AND ABROAD: Once you get into interpreting those pictures, please let us all know what kinds of results you're getting. And if you happen to spot a previously undetected cache of oil, or gold, remember who drove you from the airport at last year's Marcon. It'd be nice to pull in some favors.

SMITH'S CORONA--I hate to say this, but I know what Linda meant with her remark at WisCon. Techies, in general, are known as a serious, sercon section of fandom. After all, what do we do at parties? Sure, we sing filksongs (when Bill Higgins is there), but we also spend a good deal of time trading goodies, talking about computers, exchanging experiences with parts houses--in other words, being techies. You must admit this is not what is generally considered fannish behavior.

Now, you know and I know that most techies can get pretty fannish in their behavior, but that's from experience. There are indeed techies in GT who don't read sf. Some people, too, will always be looking for ways of separating fandom into smaller groups for the sole purpose of putting groups other than their own down. I think that's called illegal egoboo.

DR. GONZO'S--I still don't think Simon was that good. It was competent; it had a lot of good points about it; it was very funny in some places. But it was the tiniest touch bland. Maybe Marshall Brickman has been writing Woody Allen's stuff for so long he needs Allen to perform it or it loses some of its zing. FEAR AND LOATHING: From this report, it doesn't sound like I would have had that great a time at WisCon anyway. But then, I never did believe fandom should be in the business of social or political advocacy. It had the chance to form to that bent in the 1940s, and didn't. If fandom did go around advocating women's rights and feminism everywhere, it would also start in on every other liberal cause in the nation today. I like the easygoing nature of fandom. I don't like being lectured on what's right and what's wrong, especially when I espouse the same philosophy as the lecturer but can't get a word in edgewise to let him/her know.

All this has little relevance to your con report. Sorry. Thanks a lot for saying it was nice to be back with us folk in Chicago. It was nice to have you back.

ETAOIN CORFLU--I've seen Thunderbirds a grand total of once, though, since it is now almost 6 a.m. (I've been typing on this all night), I'll probably stay up another hour and see it a second time. With my luck it'll be the one I've seen.

However, I can sure relate to your remarks about Supercar. Not only did I have the ignition sequence memorized, I would build little Supercars with Tinkertoys, with these little plastic bricks, out of clay, almost anything. My overriding passion was to get one of those little "remote-control" Supercars they sold--the ones with the remote control handle that held two flashlight batteries, with a plastic-wrapped wire leading to the toy. I never got one, either....sob....(playing on your sympathy).

CHARMED SEA: Thanks, Fermilab! Because of that job, we get to see you on Thursday nights, Keith. Sorry about the hob it's playing with the rest of your social life, though.

Dealing with children, I think it would be impossible to instill anything like socially acceptable behavior without relying on faith of some sort. But remember, if you absolutely detest religion, that a good majority of the atheists and agnostics in this country were raised in religious environments.

Rand's "enlightened self-interest" can be enough for mature people. The problem is, a good number of adults aren't very mature. But faith can go a long way towards positively motivating people, and even negative motivating faith isn't necessarily detrimental. I don't know about you, but I believed there was a Santa Claus until I was about 10, and that belief significantly improved my behavior in December. And that faith, which I learned was entirely misplaced (the way I meant it, anyway), hasn't scarred me emotionally.

Six? Someone say Six?

Then again, I have this screwy notion that the only commitment of faith that means anything is one made by a reasonably mature adult, who has thought the whole thing through and still feels he has cause to believe in God. That person's faith isn't blind and isn't irrational. And that person generally has a hard time understanding how people could deny God's existence. Oh, well. So it goes. There will always be faith, and some of it will always be misplaced. Let's just hope people can be mature enough to deal with irrational religious upbringings and not just reject the whole thing out of hand.

RIGHT TO CARRY LASERS--Obviously, you're right. I can understand if someone were making and selling perfect replicas of hand guns, putting little "boom" flags in them, and encouraging people to wave them in public. But Isher ray guns? Lasers in baseball bats? No one with an IQ over 80 could ever mistake a Proni blaster or a homebrew laser for an offensive weapon. I, myself, have had some fun spooking jocks walking out of football practice at an Elmhurst high school by zapping them with my Proni blaster, but do you expect football players to have IQs of 80? Need I say more?

BUNNY'S MUBETAN: Don't forget the two sentences by Yours Truly that made it into the most recent (?) Starlog on ST-TMP.

Suurrre, RCA and CBS! Who do you think forced the TV industry to give up a promising design for color TV--the Westinghouse color wheel system--and forced an electronic design that was slower to mature and still doesn't provide as good a color picture? It sure wasn't the TV viewer. You see, since RCA owns NBC, they could hold what was then half the market out of the Westinghouse system. They exerted enough pressure on the industry to get their system instituted. Need I say the electronic system was much more expensive, and RCA held a patent on it? Need I say more?

I must say, Mike, that although you can get a lot of info into a small space with your layout, the characters you use aren't easy to read at that size. It is nearly impossible to tell a g from an s at first glance. And I must be getting old, because my eyes just aren't good enough to read the fine print anymore.....

MISCELLANEOUS: You know, a sure way to cut your mailing comments down is to be responsible directly for 12 pages of the APA you're commenting on, and responsible enough for another 6 pages to refrain from comment. Too bad, too, since you always have to skip commenting on the best stuff in the zine. (To those who may get offended at my ego, that's a universal you; it applies to all.)

If this had ended conveniently at an odd number of pages, I was going to do a full-page illo for it's back. Since it doesn't, I'll do a small illo on the bottom of this page. See everyone at Noreascon, if not sooner.



"Um, there may be no residents, Speaker..."

↑
↑
TasteFul white space

When the confusions and complications of this world get you down,
just keep in mind that, no matter what the question,

The Answer Is

Aust^{a (oops)}usch



Austausch being another name for eddy diffusion, a very important factor in the study of micro-climatology. In class one day, Dr. Villmow told us that if we were ever caught without an answer or were just plain not paying attention, to say austausch because that is most likely it. He did not say that its usefulness is limited to the study of nose-level weather.

Dick Smith once told me (and has since denied it) that austausch means "befuddled" in German. All the more reason to use it as the title of my 'zine.

I suppose at this time I should introduce myself. I am

GRETCHEN H. VAN DORN
7619 W. CLARENCE AVE.
CHICAGO, IL 60631
(312)763-1376

I suppose (I shouldn't use that phrase so much) that this isn't a separate 'zine, but rather an annex to Doug's, since I am not giving Renee any money and the two of us will get one issue between us.

It is customary, I believe, at this point, to say a few words about one's self. I was lucky enough to be born to parents with both a sense of wonder and a curiosity as to "how it works." One of my earliest memories is of sitting on the living room floor listening to my mother read Angry Red Planet out loud. I was totally fascinated by the concept of people that looked like giant stalks of celery.

Little else of my early life is worth mentioning, as I spent most of my time following my older brother around. Finally, in my freshman year of college, I followed him to Discon II and thus discovered Fandom.

At Northern Illinois University, I put an ad in the paper and got Doug. Best \$1.20 I ever spent.

After studying Meteorology and Environmental Studies for four and a half years, I now work in a fabric store. So much for the job market.

A year ago winter in the great blizzard I started to diddle with the Butterick Tyrannasaurus Rex pattern and decided that it could be a dragon, too. Thus I began my career as a fan artist, turning out creatures of fannish and fantasy natures.

It is hard to type when you have a cat sitting on the carriage of the typewriter.

A few months back, when the Sunday Night Supper Club was putting together Fan Mail from some Flounder, the idea surfaced to develop a Techie Tarot deck. The notion has really taken my fancy. We have a few ideas, but we really need input from other people. The suggested suits are Chips for Coins, Antennas for Rods, Lasers for Swords and Capacitors for Cups.

I realize that I risk bringing the wrath of Jamie Hanrahan down on my head for mentioning (gasp) Tarot cards in this prestigious Techie publication. However, I don't hold with his prejudices. Tarot cards are not sacred. They are fun. They are not "occult." Occult is roasting a chicken heart over the flame of a black candle at midnight on Candlemas Eve.

Tarot cards are only a tool to help bring out subconscious thoughts and latent psychic abilities.

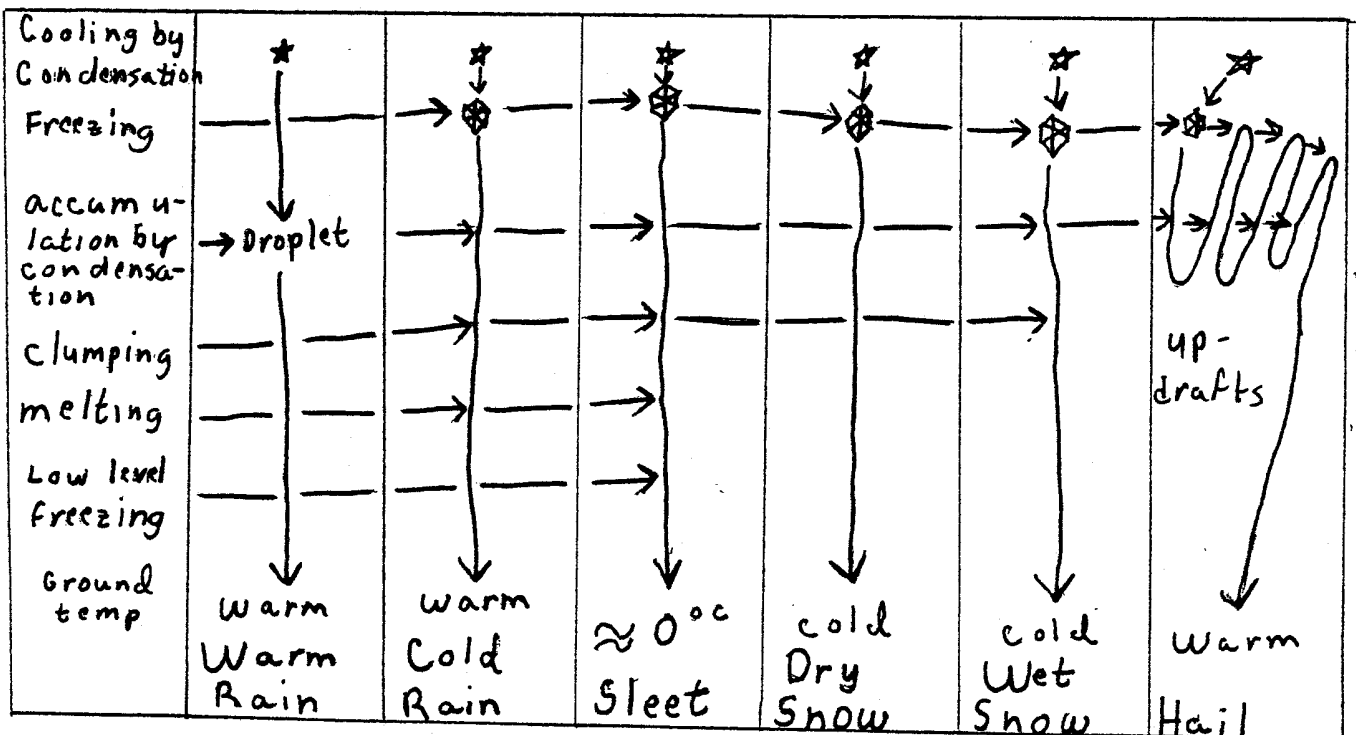
Of course, I suppose that psychic energy is unreasonable, irrational and nonscientific, too. Well, I can't see or taste electricity, but it's taken as a fact of life. I have to take Bill Higgins' neutrinos on faith, too. To the uninitiated, a mathematical formula is sort of an incantation to find the answer. Look what they did to Copernicus.

We don't know everything yet and I hope to God that we never think we do again. To deny the possibility that something we can't touch or see or prove can exist is to miss an awful lot of life.

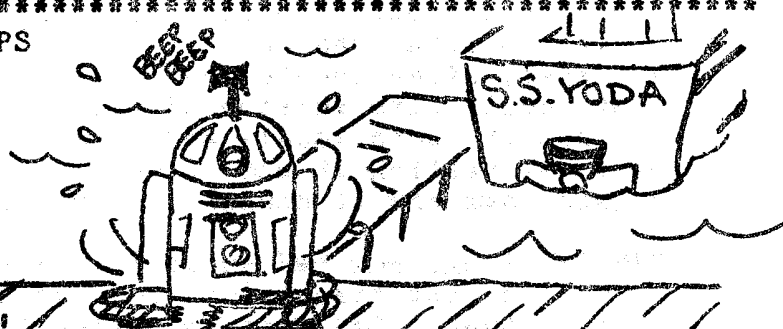
Well, I don't feel that it is my place at this point to indulge in mailing comments. Besides, I'm not sure how this will be reproed so I'd best keep it to minac so it will be as cheap as possible.

One Thursday night meeting, Angel asked me about rain and hail formation. I dug this chart out of a text and am including it to fill up space.

condensation nucleus ★ Ice crystal ☼



 TAKES A LICKIN' AND KEEPS
 ON TICKIN' comes to you
 from the weary fingers
 of Renee Sieber of The
 House of Isher, 530 W.
 Walnut St., Kalamazoo,
 MI, 49007, (616) 342-
 4967. One of Thank God
 It's Done Publication.
 HAPPY BIRTHDAY APA-TECH!



In my attempt to become a truefan (and because I've run out of
 time and I typed the mc's first) I'll skip the intervening chit
 chat and go right to

MAILING COMMENTS ON APA-TECH #5

TQS #4/ My opinions on BEYOND THE MULTIMILLION DOLLAR EVENT
 HORIZON were aired during IsherCon but, considering
 how I feel about the movie, they bear repeating. However, I'll
 concentrate on my reactions after the movie was over. I'll
 gloss over all the boos I yelled out when I first saw the cute
 robots and I'll ignore the meteor rolling down the passageway,
 the sawmill sequence, Festus and the shootout at the OK corral
 ("They've shot old Bob"), the wires, and the breathing in vac-
 uum. And I'll ignore my pleasure over watching moviegoers walk
 out of the theatre throughout the movie. I will say that as the
 movie was ending and people were streaming out, I started
 screaming, "We've been robbed! Give us our money back!" We
 stopped off at a grocery store to get some munchies (you'd think
 that I'd have lost my appetite) and proceeded to tell everyone
 I could in the store not to see the movie. When I got home I
 called some people to tell them not to see the movie and to tell
 their friends not to see the movie. I was that upset/ angry.

As I look back, it's hard for me to believe that that movie
 could affect me that much. I knew that it was a Disney produc-
 tion and not likely to appeal to an adult. I had seen pictures
 of the cute robots and I didn't expect much from the actors.
 Yet as I watched the movie, I was aghast. This was Disney's big
 bid for an all-ages market; their entry into the sf blockbuster
 movie competition. And they honestly thought that we would
 swallow it (not only swallow it, but enjoy it!) They believed
 that adding a few 'damns' to a saturday matinee kiddee's show
 would give it adult appeal. It's such a shame that they could
 be so deluded, for without the hype, it would have been an
 acceptable kiddee show. The effects were good, the models were
 averrry nice (but he's already got one), and I liked all the
 floating around in zero gee. And if I could have regressed
 about 25 years I might have enjoyed the rest of the movie. How-
 ever, I sincerely believe that the money could have been better
 spent in redecorating the Disney studios a couple of times
 rather than making this movie.

I see that now THE BLACK SMUDGE is being shown in a double
 bill with SLEEPING BEAUTY. It's finally in it's proper place.
 I hope that Disney knows it ~~666/666/666/~~

On the subject of naming cats: we have recently acquired a cat. It's a stray and one day decided to invite itself in. It is extremely affectionate and continuously butts its head up against people (its version of rubbing) and jumps onto people's laps. And it purrs loudly and often. Touch it and it purrs. Think about petting it and it purrs. So Marty suggested an appropriate name and it caught on. We call it Evinrude.

OTTOMH #2/ Doug, you had to do it. You had to mention the topic of sex discrimination. No subject can get me more fiery than that. Sex discrimination is to me as the subject of Love is to Jeff. Well, I guess I'll have to begin a tirade.

You stated that "Sex discrimination is a lot more deeply set than the way women wear clothes or the way language is constructed." I agree with you on the former, since fashion is only a symptom rather than a cause of discrimination/exploitation. But unless you are inferring that sex discrimination is instinctual (and you might be) then it can't be much more deeply set than the way our language is constructed. Language is a direct expression of thought and the way that a language is constructed reflects the way that a people thinks, its morals, ideals, and beliefs. I refer you to the much referred to anthropological study of the South Asian tribe that had no word for war. They also had no war. In Russian society people used to be very concerned about the way people travelled because that determined what class the person was in (if you were on a horse you were in the upper crust; if you were travelling by oxcart you were a peasant.) Therefore the Russian language is loaded with verbs of transportation, including six or seven different ways to say 'go'. Likewise, we Westerners are consumed with time and our language shows it (how many cliches can you think of that include the concept of time?)

All of this is a long-winded way of saying that just as thought is deeply set, words/language as a reflection of that thought is also deeply set. Or, to slip into another metaphor, if thought and belief are the roots then language is the plant that grows above ground. Is one less than the other?//

"The true sign of a liberated society is the ability to work in a framework developed in a sexist society." Read A WORLD BETWEEN by Norman Spinrad. It's the story of a liberated society that exists quite happily until it is corrupted by the brainwashing techniques of two sexist societies.

You say that the Constitution, written to protect white male landowners, is now interpreted to protect most others, so it's not necessary to change it. Funny, I seem to recall a Constitutional amendment to protect the rights of blacks. Do you think that that was unnecessary? A logical extension, for me, from the prevention of discrimination on the basis of race is to one on the basis of sex.

SC/ How can we keep up with the new technological marvels in the latest High Tech toys? Well, we can't, but we can continue to provide good quality, individualized cases to put the electronics into. We can vary the options and we can make them more durable. Also, I think that we'll never lose our adult market. After all, you can't call something that looks like one of our

guns and costs \$35 to \$200 a toy.

I am rather envious of those spaceships that makes a sound that rises or falls in pitch depending upon whether the nose is raised or lowered.

ROSES TO DEADEN THE CLOUDS AS THEY FALL/ Here's my list of Hugo favorites:

BEST NOVEL: TITAN first, not only because I'm a John Varley fan, but because I think that it's the best of the bunch. I've haven't yet read HARPIST IN THE WIND or ON WINGS OF SONG. Otherwise, JEM second, and FOUNTAINS OF PARADISE last. Bad books by good authors shouldn't win Hugos.

BEST NOVELETTE: Haven't read FIREFLOOD or PALEY LOITERING. Unless these are extra special it will be difficult to vote in this category; all the stories are of the same calibre. If I don't change my mind it'll be HOMECOMING, then SAND-KINGS, THE LOCUSTS (even though it was well-written, who can accept a premise that the same mutations will strike the population in the same generation?), and then OPTIONS. Even though Varley has written Hugo quality material, OPTIONS isn't one of them (and you thought I'd like it.)

BEST NOVELLA: Haven't read BATTLE OF THE ABACO REEFS yet. The award should go to ENEMY MINE. The characterization is first-rate and the emotional tug-a-war experienced in this story ranks Barry Longyear as one of the top sf writers of this decade. Next, a tie between MOON GODDESS AND SON and SONGHOUSE (I prefer slightly the former because it's very easy to empathize with the down-to-earth characters who have such single-minded goals.) KER-PLOP last. I can see how this and the other Ted Reynolds story got on the ballot but I still think they're silly. They belong in a creative writing class, not on a Hugo ballot.

BEST SHORT: THE WAY OF CROSS AND DRAGON but maybe UNNACOMPANIED SONATA, I can't decide (although if my moral convictions caught up with me I wouldn't be voting for any OMNI stories--don't support sleazy slick rags run by Porno kings and their turncoat lackeys!) GIANTS third (even though it's pretty silly), then DAISY IN THE SUN (now, this belongs in a creative writing class. Who voted for this story, Robin Scott Wilson?) and finally CAN THESE BONES LIVE? (see above).

BEST DRAMATIC PRESENTATION: TIME AFTER TIME (this was still good, Kip, regardless of who was behind it), ALIEN, THE MUPPET MOVIE, STAR TREK--THE MOTION PICTURE, No Award, no award, no award, then THE BLACK HOLE.

THE CAMPBELL AWARD: Hmm. Probably should/will go to Longyear. Somtow Sucharitkul is a damned fine writer, though, combining the best of Longyear and Martin, and will be difficult to beat in the coming years.

GANDALF AWARD: Roger Zelazny. But what's the point of this

award, anyway? The old favorites appear on the ballot each year, to drop off the list only after they've won the award. Sooner or later all the well-known fantasy writers get the award. I suppose I shouldn't begrudge an award given to people who deserve it ~~WJZ/1/46/~~

As for the rest (and the Gandalf award) it's much more a matter of preference.

TFTCS/ I'm going to miss you, Keith. I hope that everything works out for you in California (maybe you'll become allergic to the sun and have to come back) taking care of satellites. I look forward to seeing you at WesterCon.

MAILING COMMENTS ON APA-TECH #6

TQS/ (Couldn't you and Dick start numbering your zines? It'd make it much easier to refer to them.) My nomination for the world's worst movie is FRANKENSTEIN CONQUERS THE WORLD. Frankenstein's brain is discovered, alive, and for some reason the Third Reich decides to transfer it to Japan, to Hiroshima, in fact. You can guess what happens next. (An aside: at the beginning of the movie a map of the trip from Germany to Japan is shown. The legends are all in Japanese.) Years pass. We are now at the Hiroshima Cancer Institute where Nick Adams is practicing medicine alongside a shapely Japanese nurse. Reports have come into the hospital of a wild boy living in a cave in a radioactive hillside. The boy is captured, taken to the hospital where he begins to grow to an amazing size. The usual happens. Boy befriends nurse. Boy gets put in jail cell because he needs larger accommodations. Boy (now barely able to fit in cell) is scared by flashbulbs of too curious newsmen, escapes from cell, steps on a few people, causes great commotion but is persuaded to go back into cell by nurse. Mysterious doctor arrives from Germany and asserts that boy is actually the product of Frankenstein's undying brain and the radiation has caused a body to be grown around it. States that the only way to get conclusive evidence is to cut off some extremity and see whether it will live by itself. If the boy is Frankenstein (or Frankenstein's monster, for you purists) then the extremity will grow back. If not, well... Needless to say, the boy isn't too happy about losing a finger and the strange doctor's attempts to retrieve it. So the boy escapes to the suburbs, terrorizing the Japanese as he departs. Fortunately for the doctor, in struggling to free himself from the shackles he inadvertently leaves a hand behind. (Of course, the hand is crawls all over the place, thus proving that he is the monster.)

Meanwhile, on the off-shore drilling rigs of Japan, an earthquake strikes, leaving giant cracks in the land. Of course all this racket is going to wake up any slumbering monster that might just be taking a nap down there. Guess what emerges from the depths? This guy in a godzilla suit with a neon traffic cone strapped to its nose. It waddles out of the crack on all fours, its teddy bear eyes wobbling back and forth and, unbeknownst to none, heads for the suburbs. Well, the boy/monster gets blamed for the destruction wreaked by the pseudo-Godzilla

and the army goes out to destroy the boy. Nick Adams and the shapely nurse know otherwise and also go out to try to prove the army wrong (everyone is moving out to the suburbs these days.) To cut this story short, the boy eventually destroys the monster and he is allowed to go to Mt. Fuji to spend the rest of his life, supposedly, eating and growing. But none of this occurs without a lot of agony on the part of the viewer. A wonderfully bad bad movie.

See Me, Feel Me/ About noise/ chaos in the household: I was raised in a very chaotic home. When I went to college (the first time that I was away from home) I sought out the most quiet, peaceful environment that I could. At times the dearth of noise would drive me crazy (and I never did get used to living alone) but I reveled in it. When I would come home, back to the noise, I couldn't stand it. A few times I cut my vacations short to go back to school so that I could escape the cacophony. So I may have grown up in a state of chaos but going back to it " seems to...[do]...strange things to my nerves."//

I find that the reason I write (even though I'd rather do anything than write) is for practice. The more I do it the better I am at putting things more coherently in print.

Yesterday's Tomorrow's Todays/ It's still amazing that no one was able to predict the invention or upsurge of unconnected computers (micro or mini, home or business.) It's similar to individual pocket calculators. The sf stories wrote about huge networks of systems crossconnecting the country with millions of megaBytes of information. Every house would have its own terminal on which you could access this information, get your newspaper, order from the store, communicate with others. Now you can do these things, get onto nets, access AP wire services and the Dow Jones, but all from your own personal computer. I guess no one figured that a computer would ever be affordable yet that with mass production and new technology terminals would.

KWIP #1/ Who wrote SEEDS OF CHANGE? Everybody knows that. I'm no trivia buff (Higgins can attest to that) and yet I can tell you without even peeking. Tom Montelone. Alex claims that the publisher was Harliquin. Is that true?// As to where Gordon is (other than in Colorado now) is anyone's guess. He's been on the About to be Dropped for many months. So far four people have told me that he would have something in this issue but tomorrow I'm closing it up and I haven't received anything yet. That's too bad, because I really wanted him to remain in the apa.

TT #4/ Thanks for the picture of the skeleton holster. It's a viable product for showing the guns off but I don't think that it's a viable sales item. No matter what I do it will still look like four strips of leather riveted together. And I don't think that it will sell. I'll probably make one or two for WorldCon but I think that the answer still lies in a clear plastic holster or a hard leather holster.// I agree with your dissertation on music. However I'd like to add that "The prim-

any purpose of music" is to allow us to feel or see what we weren't before. One moment we're in our own room and then suddenly we're in a meadow or a raging sea. Or we now feel joy or introspective where we once felt sadness. That's when the music succeeds.

Radio Stuntman/ Echo Dick's comments to you on colonizing (one of the advantages of being GTB is that you have advance access anyone's zines.) Read STILL FORMS ON FOXFIELD. It's gives a good picture of what it's like to depend on a superficially high technology.

SC/ On being Anti-Fans: When I was first in fandom I was treated by some as a fakefan because I enjoyed myself too much at conventions, didn't pub a fanzine, and never smuffed. I think that the same applies to us. We're a frivolous, fun-loving group that use fandom as a vehicle for partying and seeing our friends. Our accusers seem to forget that they're doing the same thing at cons. And how would they know that we don't publish zines (apas don't count. Maybe because someone else sweats to get it out ~~damn/riple~~) in the privacy of our own home (because they're in league with the smofs.) The crazy thing is that we are supposed to take fandom seriously. I think that I'm a hopeless MidWestern fan (and being from the midwest brands you as a fakefan.) My (and our) primary involvement in fandom is conventions and partying at them. Our image is already tainted because we're midwesterners and even more so because we're not aligned with any wellknown truefan (just a bunch of upstarts. Ain't got no culchah.) And we're techies and we talk about sf (and no fan wants to remember their ghetto origin.) I don't think that there's any way to change our image. The only thing that we can do is be polite and responsible for our actions.//

The least thing that Isher does is pay for itself and for conventions. Also that that and anything related to our business is tax-free.

Q-Inn Rug Heist/ Why were there so many techies at this con (and not at MarCon?)

Etaoin Corflu/ Van Vogt knows how to weave a story, constructing whole societies in your mind with his colourful descriptions. So what if he has crummy ideas for plots most of the time. What about THE WEAPON SHOPS OF ISHER or THE VOYAGE OF THE SPACE BEAGLE? They speak for themselves.//

It looks like there won't be a seminar berzerker this summer at The House of Isher. What with our hectic schedules and the number of cons we're planning to attend there isn't the time. Also, there wasn't enough cooperation in helping me schedule the berzerkers (namely, the people who have announced theirs did not see fit to notify me) so the dates we had planned to hold it would wedge it in between another berzerker and a con. Two years in a row. Maybe we're not fated to have one.

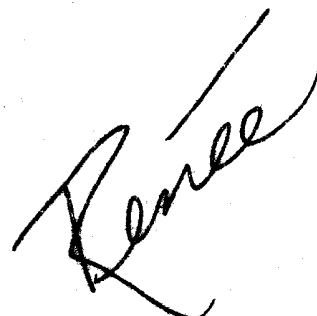
Eye Tracks/ The title refers to Mesklin which takes 800 days to rotate. Now assume a very fast balloon...

TFTCS/ "How do you instill ethical behavior into children without a religious foundation for it" Simple. Allow their parents to have it. (Oh, they can't? Well, then it's not as easy.) I always thought that you could teach politeness, reverence for elders, kindness to others because they'll be kind to you, directly or indirectly, without religion. To me, religion is necessary when you are afraid and need someone strong to lean on, need a favor, or need someone to blame. Also it gives you that indescribable something that made you feel bigger than a grain of dust in the endless void. I don't think you need it to teach ethics.

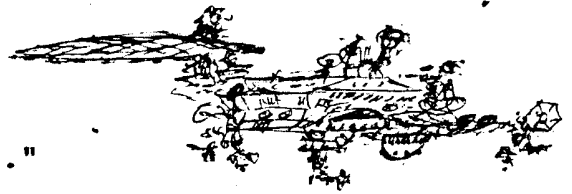
Lasers, etc./ This is a subject that GT has to get together and talk about at length. It may be a matter of whether we'll be able to take our guns to future conventions or not.

And on that note I'll bid adieu. Happy Anniversary, Apa-Tech!

SHORT 7

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Renee", is written in the lower right quadrant of the page. The signature is fluid and stylized, with a long horizontal stroke extending from the end.

"SHE WAS BUILT LIKE A BRICK SYNCHROTRON..."



...another rush job for Apa-Tech #7 by Bill Higgins ,
the resident physicist at 853 Lorlyn Drive, apt. 1A,
West Chicago, Illinose, 60185. Can this be Spinthairiscope
Media Publication number Six?

+++++

Mailing comments du jour:

Renée-- Thirty-seven bucks is a lot for a little apa. Why not collect money for the stapler from everybody who's in the apa over the next couple of years, and later refund the extra dues you charged the present members last mailing? This would spread the burden out a little more equitably.

I have vague intentions about drawing a cover, but am waiting for inspiration to set in. (Are you aware that Alex's Diablo wheel isn't typing the characters you tell it to type? Check out ! and #.)

Greg-- Really enjoyed goofing around with you at Whatcon. We must continue work on that song you started to write! I hope the technical poop on your satellite-control job, if not in this mailing, will come soon.

"Why does Hollywood seem so afraid of explaining plot and motivation? Perhaps because explanations don't fly around on the screen?" The obvious solution is to paint the explanations on the sides of spaceships.

My conservative heart is not quite eager to swallow black holes as common objects, though it seems they have been invoked by somebody in attempts to solve almost every astrophysical problem. Can you expand upon your statement at Whatcon that most galaxies have massive black holes at their cores, and explain why other possibilities are ruled out?

Your cartoons are always enjoyable. More! Instead of welding, this mailing may be held together by epoxy or Eastman 910.

Donna-- We find you and Bill Leininger both talking about your "images." Anyone would think you were running for office. Neither of you, dammit, has to put on a show for the rest of the world; you have plenty to offer as you already are. Act the way you want to. If some people don't like it, then so much the worse for them.

Bill-- "...children's books, you may actually have to be a child at the time to read them to best advantage." I keep forgetting who-- Terry Carr?-- said, "The Golden Age of science fiction is thirteen." The very best children's literature, such as Winnie-the-Pooh, the Earthsea trilogy, and Heinlein's juveniles, are good when you're young and even better when you get older.

Discovering which Hugo candidates were in paperback, etc. sounds like a pretty tough piece of research. A publication date early in the year always helps.

Halo muons are the particles generated when the pions, kaons, protons, and so forth in your beamline either decay or smack into the walls of the pipe, generating showers of secondary particles. Some of the muons, which have great penetrating power, travel along the beam outside of the pipe and manage to arrive at the experiment, where they can confuse the study of muons arising from the events you're inter-

"she was built like a brick synchrotron..." (two)

ested in.

Kip-- Glad to see you in Apa-tech even if you do take rather strenuous exception to some of my statements. A couple of years ago I always giggled at your zines in Azapa while reading over the shoulder of Barry Gehm or Renée. I see that you employ one of Forry Ackerman's dubious contributions to fandom, "nonstoparagraphing," where a new paragraph begins in the space after the old one left off.

Like this. I find the technique annoying, but I realize it's all a matter of taste. It does seem peculiar to see it in a handwritten zine, though...AAARGGH! The Typewriter Gods are angered! They have caused me to write on a slant or something!! I promise not to say anything disparaging about FJA again ~~at least in this mailing~~

Phew. Where was I? You have strong opinions about what you want to see in the movies & video. I'm never sure whether good screen SF is a hopeless cause or is just about to come of age. I can see that you and I have some differences, but there's probably a lot we can both agree on.

I didn't like Alien much, and I realize that it's substantially a haunted-house movie, but it does have strong SF elements which (in places) move the plot along, and without which it wouldn't be the same story: the isolation of interstellar space, the quarantine regulations, the robot from The Company, the escape craft. And didn't the wrecked whatsit on the planet stir your sensawunder just a little bit?

I have no objection to space opera, which I think is a more or less legitimate subfield of SF, and which Star Wars and Umpire definitely belong to. I will buy slapdash pseudoscience and ships covered with unexplainable doodads as long as I can watch exciting chases through asteroid belts, planet-busting weapons, and of course the obligatory rays of assorted colors. Though I always feel a little ashamed while reading a Lensman novel-- shouldn't I be spending my time with something better? --they are a lot of fun.

I even enjoyed the cinema's only true space Western, Moon Zero Two. Full of lunar claim jumpers, shootouts, and barroom brawls, it's a real Bat Durston story if there ever was one. But it's one of the few films which seem to have been written by somebody who had read some amount of science fiction. I had never before seen a movie which held an absolute, beat-up spaceship.

Unfortunately my remarks about The Martian Chronicles were crammed into the last two inches of my last ditto master, and wound up lacking my customary sparkling lucidity and incisive analysis. I tried to get across some of the inanities I found in the show. No, I haven't read the book, but like everybody I have run across one or two of the short stories from it. I felt the show got across the flavor I recall from those and other Bradbury stories; that's why I said it was a good adaptation. It conveyed the moody, emotional, somewhat murky atmosphere one finds in RB's stuff, along with the total lack of regard for scientific background (and sometimes for logic). Even though he's a gifted stylist, I have never been able to enjoy Bradbury myself.

Sure, it would have been nice to separate the show's flaws from the books, but all the flaws I mentioned are still flaws. And I was running out of room....

I am aware of the ~~excuses~~ explanations for the third season of Star Trek. Nevertheless, the movie version was still bankrupt of ideas. Except for shining floodlights on the ship's markings.

"she was built like a brick synchrotron..." (three).



Your comments about Nicholas Meyer make me feel sheepish about enjoying T. after T. and The 7% Solution. I would still rather see his movie get the Hugo than Star Trek, the Black Hole, or Alien. The Muppet Movie should have been funnier, but it is "fantastic cinema", and there's something fannish about voting for the Muppets. Besides, you couldn't see the wires.

I have a feeling the question of religion is gonna get bigger in this apa, but I don't feel like Defending the Faith right now. Let me just say that Aquinas, Abelard, and Newman would hardly have agreed with your description of the "Just-check-your-brain-at-the-door routine." There must be something about religion which attracts geniuses and pin-heads alike, for there are plenty of both involved in it.

Whee! This is fun! Let's do it again in a couple of months.

Your "Seeds of Change" question is a good one, though I am quite familiar with the answer.

Rod-- I try not to comment on people's spelling, since it can be simply the result of bad typing. Back at MSU I realized, soon after the first lab reports of my first term came back, that if I tried to correct the spelling and grammar of my physics students, I could easily spend months grading the papers instead of weeks. This is entirely apart from my excellent chances of getting lynched. So I kept quiet.

However.

The scope and breadth of your spelling errors are nothing short of staggering. They have swept away all my resolve; risking rudeness, I cannot resist pointing out a few of the words you have misspelled:

sure	gimmick	awkward
vicious	hobby	disappointed
it's	arthritis	straighter
juvenile	wolf	original

sigh It's nice to get that out of my system. Am I being particularly nasty this mailing? I apologize for that. I ought to mention that you did very nicely on such difficult words as "panicky," "appreciate," and "ramifications." It may be that a man of your age, which is almost my age, is stuck in his spelling habits and cannot significantly improve. It may not.

Bill Leininger says the Viking Fund has been dropped, and that the life of the project cannot be extended. What next?

Misha-- I might have known that among techies James P. Hogan would be considered a great writer. Yes, last year he was eligible again for the Campbell Award, but only came in second. It's hard to imagine him winning a Hugo or-- chortle chortle-- Nebula, but his writing has improved greatly with the last couple of novels. At any rate, his books would offer fierce competition indeed for the Kilgore. (The Kilgore Award, a large chrome fish, is given for the Best Good Bad Book of the year. Someday I will tell you more about it.)

Doug (radio stuntmannnnn)-- I once worked out some details of an exploration program using some more-or-less "realistic" hardware that colleagues had devised (a staged, fusion-rocket interstellar ship. Accelerating at 2% of one g, it would get to Alpha Centauri in fifty years. But the mass-ratios were staggering.) Alas, I never got to the colonization stage.

It seems to me that the full-blown industrial civilization you want to plant on your interstellar colony is possible only if shipping is

"she was built like a brick synchrotron..." (four)

fairly cheap. You want to move lots of heavy stuff such as machine tools, bulldozers, tractors, generators, etc. along with your colonists. This is economically justified only if the benefits to the colony outweigh the price of dragging all that equipment several light-years.

Now in fact any machines capable of reaching the stars are likely to represent very major investments of resources by the societies that build them, for several generations after they are introduced. I speak of ships that present-day science can envision, as in A Gift from Earth or Project Daedalus. This is because their technology must increase by many orders of magnitude the distances covered, flight times, total energy used, and other parameters.

I contend that this expense holds even for unforeseen breakthroughs such as "hyperdrive" or some magic means of storing enough energy to accelerate at one or two g's all the way. If these developments arrive at all, it is fantasy to suppose they will come from a backyard inventor working with chewing gum and string. Most likely they will depend upon some effect, unknown to us now, which is barely within the grasp of contemporary technology. Therefore even starships based upon breakthroughs will be expensive. Compare them with fusion and fission reactors, large radio telescopes and accelerators, and spacecraft in your own century.

It is likely therefore that sending large payloads across interstellar distances will involve prohibitive costs until the technology is very mature. If we also accept your argument that a low-technology colony (relatively light in mass) is not worth sending, then we must conclude that no colony is worth sending.

Some other thoughts I have may make the above remarks irrelevant. It's easy to underestimate the amount of research necessary before anybody can consider a self-supporting colony on an Earth-type planet. Perhaps the first colonists will operate a scientific base from something like an L-5 colony, which by then ought to have proved its ability to thrive in vacuo. Building their home with materials gleaned from appropriate asteroids or moons, they might spend a century or so doing astronomy, planetology, meteorology, biology, medicine, etc. while minimizing the hazards associated with facing an unknown world. This would follow an extended period of unmanned study anyway. Maybe they'd publish their own journals, lasering them back to their data-hungry peers in Sol system.

Of course, finding an Earthlike world may be so unlikely that it wouldn't happen until a long time after interstellar travel had developed, when the whole thing had become inexpensive anyway. In that case, your scenario is more plausible. A booming frontier would develop, and all kinds of people would flock to it. Including, I suppose, a few who would want to start primitive appropriate-technology colonies with livestock and everything...

(Not quite germane to the above, but something to think about, a result of the starship studies I mentioned earlier: If you're launching a multi-generation starship, whom do you pick for the crew? Your best pilots? Your best engineers? Scientists? Nope. You send your best teachers. And your best parents, if you can identify them.)

I think your essay contains a needless slur against the SCA folks, who never pretended to wish for the Middle Ages as they really were. All they want to do is bring back the fun part.

"she was built like a brick synchrotron..." (five)

Dick-- I just went to the bliekie workshop at X-Con. I discovered that while it's a lot of fun for the participants, it's not very impressive if you've already built your own: it's old hat to you. But it's a fine way to introduce people to the joys of electronics.

"It sure looks like the Sunday Supper Club is getting rather regular." In part we have your cooking to thank, Dick. You always include plenty of roughage. Seriously, I'd like to know how to make Uncle Dick's Chinese Glop.... Affirmative action on the draft sound s like a swell idea to me.

Valli-- I have my epicyclic days too. We're all moving around and around in our little circles, in Ptolemaic (what a great word!) terms.

Doug (again)-- Fooey on the search for life on Jupiter (& Mars)! For the same money and payload mass, you could be sure of learning a whole lot about the geology, weather, and physics of the place. The same argument applies as my previous MC: Don't do it until you can orbit a completely equipped, comprehensive biological laboratory. Which you can design better when you have all the other data anyway.

"It's nearly impossible to blurt out the wrong thing on a typewriter." I refer you to the collected works of one of my favorite writers, Jeff Duntemann.

Keith-- re conformity in dress: I haven't seen you at Fermilab in a caftan.

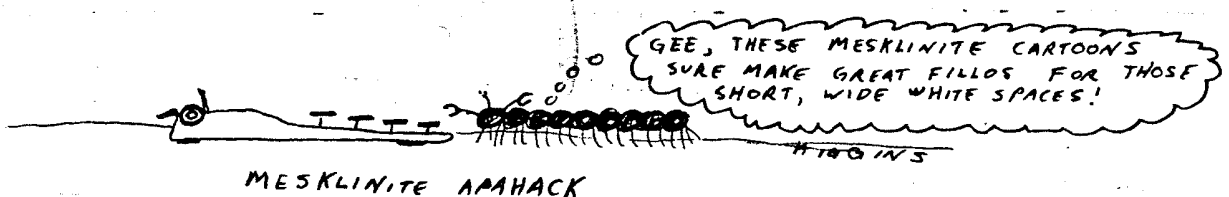
Mary Lynn-- at Archon last year some nervous underling or gopher put up signs forbidding all rayguns, without consulting any of the people in charge of the con or its security. This caused a lot of confusion and bad feeling. It was aggravated by the fact that Senator Eagleton was staying on the top floor, though nobody seemed to know just how his bodyguards felt about lucite blasters or lasers.

Mike-- Elementary criticism of your story: use the hero's name in the first sentence instead of "a man." Then "he," "the owner" (three times), and "the man" (once for Gelder, twice for the other guy) might be rearranged to become less confusing.

Marty-- How about telling some of your IBM stories? Ask Bill Osher about one-man software companies; he's been on his own for a couple of years now and is probably familiar with other folks' efforts too.

Can you and/or Bentley explain what "stack architecture" means, in words of ~~sixteen/six~~ one syllable?

Jamie-- The soundtrack from Thunderbirds are Go certainly is a collector's item, but I'm afraid Barry Gray's music never impressed me much. Thanks anyway. At X-Con Mike Stein sold me four-color separations he'd used for Fantastic Films, photos of Thunderbirds 3 & 4, the Mole, and Supercar. I don't know quite what to do with them, but they're real nice.



FROM AN AD FOR THE
CHICAGO - IN - '82 BID
IN THE NOREASCON
PROGRESS REPORT IV

Chicago in Eighty-Two Committee
Chicago, Illinois

Dear City-of-the-Big-ShouldersCon:

This is to get down in writing my first proposals for Operation Rathole.

1) Hire a skywriter to write FIAWOL in big smoke letters over Lake Michigan during the con.

Examination of the Yellow Pages will show that there are three firms in the Chicago area which will take on such an assignment. A few more are equipped to do banner towing (of which more below). I have spoken with a representative of Sales Promotion Services to get an idea of the financial ballpark and the difficulties involved.

Skywriting would cost a minimum of \$2000. Added to that would be the cost of importing a suitable plane and pilot from wherever they may be found, most likely New York or California. Skywriters are rare these days, and there are none permanently based in Chicago. I was told that the surcharge would likely be between one and two thousand more dollars.

Weather is the most severe constraint on the project. A typical contract allows the skywriters several weeks in which to find an adequate day for the job. To demand that it be done during the five or six days of the Worldcon is taking a real gamble; the advertisers would be reluctant to agree, and I'm not sure what our responsibilities would be if the right conditions failed to materialize. In our favor is the fact that Labor Day weekend frequently has good weather. Perhaps a little meteorological consulting would give us a good estimate of our chances: I'll talk to Gretchen van Dorn.

One solution would be to ask the skywriters to fly during the Worldcon or as soon after it as possible. It would be a great disappointment if the display were delayed, but we could get photographs, at least, circulated widely through fandom...

The text of the message should, of course, be given careful consideration. The price I quoted pays for one "flight" of up to twenty-five letters. However, no single pilot this side of the Wicked Witch of the West can keep more than about seven letters aloft at once. Wind begins to disperse the smoke as soon as it's laid down. So normally the first letters of the message are unreadable once the pilot has reached the end.

I propose "Fiawol" as our text for several reasons. Its brevity makes it readable all at once. It expresses a sentiment which must be common to many people who've come all the way to Chicago and laid out enough bucks to stay in the Hyatt. As such, its presence in the sky would be a monument to the ~~fannish~~ dedication of fans everywhere. It would baffle a million or two mundanes, until we gleefully told them what it stood for. This would be publicity for SF

I.V. for the costume ball, GOF
of fannish broadcasts.

Last but not least is Operation Rathole: your chance to fight against mental health and sound fiscal policy. We need your input for this. We want ideas that will cost no more than two or three thousand dollars and that will require no more than two or three staff members during the convention. All suggestions must be exceedingly frivolous and without any socially redeeming value.

The glass enclosed main lobby of the Hy
ries tall, with its own waterfall, and a
with live foliage. There are twelve re

fandom rather than for the Worldcon itself. I think that such publicity might not result in very many extra at-the-door memberships, compared with other ways of drawing attention to the Worldcon (e.g. films of the Masquerade on the late news). I presume this is a desirable feature.

The project would probably need only the part-time attention of one concon member, who would act as liason with the advertising firm. I would suggest a phone call giving an hour's warning or so when the flight is imminent. Some way must be worked out to let the congoers know, so they can spill outside and watch the show. Your closed-circuit TV, or a PA system, or a grapevine of gophers and SMOFs might do the job. Note that unlike many other "special events" that Rathole might buy, it would be possible for all members to attend this one: your function space is as big as all outdoors, and could accommodate even a 20,000-member Worldcon.

(That was a sick joke. Sorry. One should not kid about such nightmares.)

So the requirements are one day of clear weather during the con, three to four thousand bucks, one part-time concon person, and a means of getting word to the members on short notice.

2) Tow a banner or banners behind a lightplane to display the message of your choice.

Banner towing of up to thirty-five letters and spaces costs \$135 per hour for a minimum of two hours. Towing over the lake is relatively easy to arrange, the weather demands are not so rigorous, and the message sticks around for the whole two hours. On the Rathole budget it might be feasible to put several planes in the air simultaneously or in succession, enabling us to fly perhaps an entire limerick.

Before getting into the possibilities, I'd like to express my strenuous endorsement of skywriting over banner towing. As Andy Cohen remarked, "It may cost an order of magnitude more-- but it's two orders of magnitude more impressive." Few things can tickle the sense of wonder, even of the most hard-hearted mundane, like magic letters of cloud-stuff hanging in the sky. Qualitatively, it doesn't compare at all with a message trailing from an ordinary aircraft like old socks on a clothesline.

It's also true that the very versatility of banner towing leaves, for me, much more ambiguity about what the message should be. Short? Long? Multiple flights? in parallel or in succession? If this is in a sense a greeting from Fandom to the rest of mankind, what is the proper text? Serious? READ SCIENCE FICTION. Whimsical? EAT MORE SQUID-- MIKE WOOD. Paradoxical? FNORD (YOU CAN'T READ THIS) FNORD. Nostalgic? CLAUDE DEGLER COME HOME. ALL IS FORGIVEN. MAMA. A decision to go this route would engender fierce debates at cons and in fanzines, and might well bring dissension and strife rather than joy. Maybe another contest could solicit ideas, judged by the sharpest wits in fandom, with the winner or winners to be flown over the Windy City. Below I submit several thoughts to get your cerebral wheels turning.

(Seven)

(space count)

1234567890¹1234567890²1234567890³1234567890⁴1234567890⁵

1. THE LAST MAN ON EARTH SAT ALONE
IN A ROOM. THERE WAS
A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.
2. FIAWOL.
FIJAGDH.
40TH WORLD SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION
3. THURSDAY NIGHT AT ROSS'S PLACE...
4. TO WOUND THE AUTUMNAL CITY.
5. GREETINGS, PEOPLE OF EARTH!
WORLD SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION.
6. CONGRATULATIONS HUGO WINNERS:
(list winners here)
7. EAT RAW VACUUM, SENATOR PROXMIRE!
8. SPACE IS FLAT. EINSTEIN WAS CURVED.
FLAT SPACE SOCIETY.
9. (pro GoH here): WE LOVE YOU.
10. A PARSEC IS A UNIT OF LENGTH, DAMMIT
11. HAUPTSTUFE!
12. HAVE YOU HUGGED A
SCIENCE FICTION FAN TODAY? (Bug-eyed monster?)

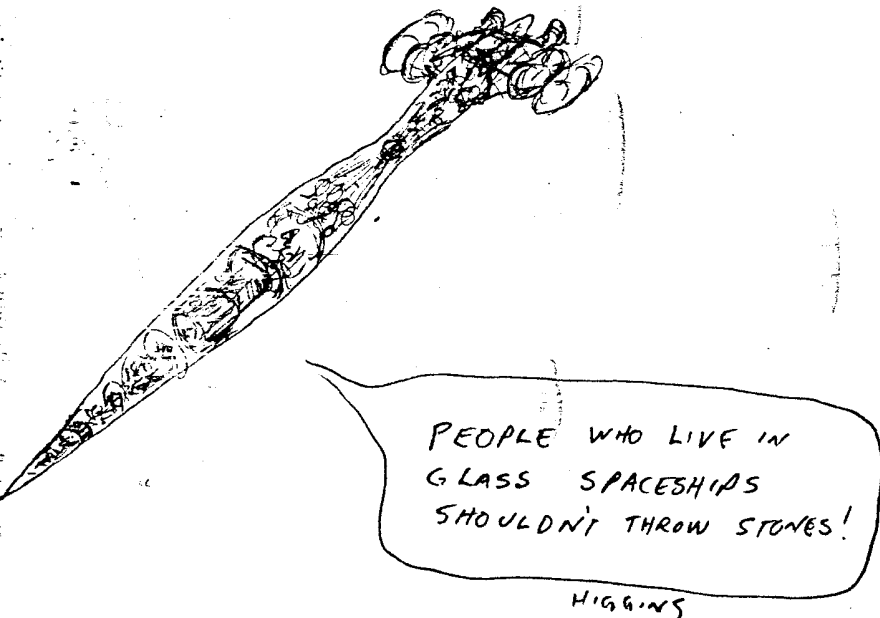
Warning: this pastime can become addictive. Worse, it could become a tradition--

Costs for this scheme are whatever we want to spend, one liason person, and endless anguish over what to say. It's flexible; you can make it as simple or as involved as you like, up to the number of planes available and the weather limitations.

(How about daily installments of a serial? Or dialogues? Fly several critics' definitions of SF, then stage a dogfight to decide a winner. Follow-the-bouncing-airplane choruses of "Benson, Arizona." Palindromic messages that read the same on the northward leg of the flight as on the southward leg. Hoax product advertising.)

Electric nocturnal advertising and hot-air balloons and flights of trained geese are left as exercises for the student.

HOT JETS & CLEAR ETHER
BILL HIGGINS



(eight)